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JULY 1, 1900.

# JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

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GEORGE Q.  
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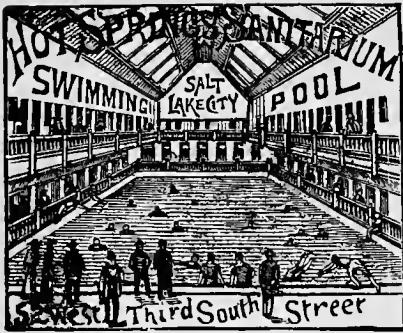
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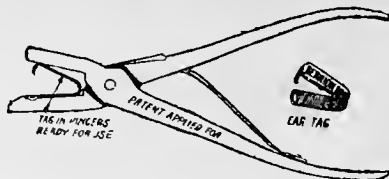
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APOSTLE HEBER J. GRANT.



# THE JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR

Organ for YOUNG LATTER DAY SAINTS



VOL. XXXV.

SALT LAKE CITY, JULY 1, 1900.

No. 13.

## LIVES OF OUR LEADERS—THE APOSTLES.

HEBER J. GRANT.

**A**MONG all the Apostles who have served the Church and so far spoken of in this series, not one has been born in Utah, and so Heber Jeddie Grant, who is the thirty-third Apostle chosen, is the first of Utah's sons to be honored with that sacred office and calling. He was born in Salt Lake City, in a home upon whose site is now built the State Bank of Utah, on Saturday, the 22nd day of November, 1856. His father, than whom there has been no more zealous laborer in the Church, was the late Jedediah Morgan Grant, and his mother, who is still living in Salt Lake City, is one of the bright and noble heroines of Zion, Rachel Ridgeway Ivins.

He is the only son of his mother, but has several brothers and sisters who bear his father's name. There is Jedediah Morgan, Joseph Hyrum, George Smith, Joshua F. and Brigham Frederick; Caroline, who died when sixteen; Margaret, who died and was buried on the Plains; Susan Vilate Muir, who died several years ago, leaving ten children; and Henrietta.

Apostle Grant has obtained his business training, as well as his education, by self-effort and sheer force of determination, which quality is the peculiar and leading index to his character and career. When a child, he attended a school taught by the mother of Matthias F. Cowley; another school

in which he gathered his early instruction was that taught by the father and mother of Hon. A. F. Doremus, and situated in the old Deseret Hospital building, opposite the University. He was at one time awarded a prize in the shape of a card bearing the inscription "Truth," which he values very highly. As a young man, he subsequently attended school in President Young's school house, Eighteenth Ward, and in the Thirteenth Ward, also at the Deseret (now Utah) University when held in the Council House, Deseret Museum and Deseret Hospital buildings; and he was also a pupil of Mary E. and Ida Lone Cook. He was never much of a student, owing to his suffering from severe headaches caused by stigmatism of the eyes, but of which cause he knew nothing until he grew to manhood. But when he did set his mind to any task, there were few indeed who could excel him. One of his main qualities is his tenacity. He took little interest in studies unless some incident occurred to arouse his determination, and in such case he first resolved, dreaming out his course, then set to work, and never quit until he came out acknowledged victor. Then generally he lost interest again. The goal was reached, and unless there was fresh incitement, his enthusiasm lagged. That characteristic has grown with him to manhood. He is a better promoter than plodder, a better fighter up the

mountain side, than warrior on the level summit. To get the best results from such characters is to postpone achievement, delay the final purpose, cover the path with enlarged obstacles, and add fresh heights to the summit.

Many incidents might be related to illustrate this trait in his character, which are inspirational to others who lack energy to try. He was a miserable penman, and his school-mates made him a laughing-stock, and geyed him over it, until he resolved to excel them all, and vowed he would set copies for the best of them. Then he began to write, and, head-ache or not, he never quit practice until his vow was fulfilled to the letter; and he is to this day one of the best penmen in the State.

He could not play ball. His «throw» and «catch» were as awkward as his figure was lean and long. «Fire it on, Sissy,» with a host of such ironical remarks from his play-fellows, made him resolve that he would beat them at their own game. He went home and nearly pounded in the gable of his mother's barn, working with his ball day and night until he conquered; he became a leader in the game, the captain of his nine. Then seeing no profit further, he quit the business. It was the same with marbles and other games.

When he was a mere youth, his mother, who was very poor, needed greatly to have her house repaired, and Bishop Edwin D. Woolley and some friends in the Thirteenth Ward, recognizing the necessity of it, asked to do the work for her. He begged his mother not to allow them to do it, and at the same time promised her that when he became a man he would build her a new home. The Bishop heard of this, and remarked that if Sister Grant waited for her boy to build her house, she would never have one. Owing to Heber's ball and marble practices which the Bishop had observed, he had christened him the laziest boy in the Thirteenth Ward, a regular good-for-nothing. But the Bishop

changed his mind later, and became one of Heber's warmest and dearest friends and one of his greatest admirers. The young man never forgot his promise, and one of the reasons, doubtless, was the incentive created by the Bishop's doubting remarks. He determined to show the Bishop! When twenty-one years of age, he built his mother a nice home, and invited Bishop Woolley and others to its dedication. The Bishop was reminded of his utterance of years ago, and was asked to dedicate the house, but this, however, was done by President Daniel H. Wells.

Apostle Grant is pre-eminently a business man, and would doubtless have devoted his days to financial affairs exclusively, if the call to the Apostleship had not changed the trend of his life from its natural course, and awakened in him that less prominent but nevertheless strongly rooted religious feeling that possesses his soul. He entered the business world as a messenger boy in an insurance office. From thence he arose step by step in the business world by determined effort and close attention to duty. He was always in love with his work, and therefore devoted to it. As a boy, he dreamed in that insurance office of himself becoming an agent, and to that end he bent all his energies towards the mastery of the details of the business, with the result that he succeeded, and is today the leader in that line in the whole region about. His aspirations did not cease with becoming an agent; he dreamed of being a president of a company, and in this he also succeeded. While working in that insurance office, he also became desirous of learning the banking business because of what he saw in the bank of A. W. White & Co., located in the same building. To this end he devoted his spare time in assisting the book-keepers and others; subsequently the insurance office was removed to Wells Fargo's bank where he followed the same course, and in this way gained considerable knowledge of banking. By close attention to work, he was rewarded by the receipt of

a New Year's present of one hundred dollars from his employer. Mr. Henry Wadsworth, who was also agent of the banking house of Wells Fargo & Co. His efforts to learn banking led to his securing the position of assistant cashier in Zion's Savings Bank & Trust Co., during the absence on a mission of Cashier B. H. Schettler. This position led him to desire the presidency of a bank, which desire was gratified by his becoming the president of the State Bank of Utah, at its organization in 1890, which position he still holds. He has held other responsible business positions, having been vice-president of the Salt Lake Herald Co., a director of the National Bank in Provo, Provo Woolen Mills Co., and Oregon Lumber Co., and at present he is president of the Home Fire Insurance Co. of Utah, the Salt Lake Theatre Co., the Co-op. Wagon & Machine Co., and of the insurance firm of H. J. Grant & Co. He was elected a director of Z. C. M. I. in 1887, and subsequently became chairman of the executive committee of that institution. His business maxims are: promptness in keeping appointments and in fulfilling promises; and he always aimed to give value received to those who employed him. Since he became an employer, he has always sought to treat his employees with respect and consideration.

There is an inspiring illustration in his career which shows that a desire, a dream, in a young person, followed by persistent effort, is sure of fruition and fulfillment. His father died when he was nine days old, and the family was left in poor financial circumstances. In fact, Apostle Grant as a boy was reared in poverty. He was passionately fond of the theatre, and not being able to pay the admission price of twenty-five cents to the third gallery, he secured admission by carrying water into that height. He was soon promoted, because of his faithfulness, a leading trait in all his work, to the second gallery, which gave him great delight and encouragement. The boy dreamer of progress is today the principal stock-holder in the

Salt Lake Theatre, and has now the privilege of occupying a box with six chairs, free of charge. My youthful readers may easily imagine with what satisfaction he gazes up into the third gallery, recalling the episodes of his youth.

Apostle Grant has filled a number of important financial missions for the Church and for the institutions with which he is connected. In the panic of 1890-91, he visited leading eastern and western cities, and obtained several hundred thousand dollars to aid institutions in Utah that were in financial distress. During the succeeding dark days of 1893, he crossed the continent on such missions four times, and succeeded marvelously, and by the aid of God as he declares, in securing something over half a million dollars for the Church, and business institutions with which he is connected. He was sent with the promise of President Woodruff that he should succeed; he had implicit faith in the Prophet of God, and that his words would be verified, which they were.

Heber J. Grant held the offices of Elder and Seventy prior to his ordination to a High Priest, in October, 1880. He was ordained an Apostle under the hands of the First Presidency and Apostles on October 16, 1882, President George Q. Cannon being mouth. His ecclesiastical missions have been in various Stakes of Zion, in different States and Territories of the Union, and in Mexico. With Apostle Brigham Young and others, he went to Sonora, Mexico, before any of the Saints were located in that country. Their special work was to open up the Gospel to the Yaqui Indians. In 1883-84 he, with Apostle Young, visited the Indians of the Navajo nation, and the Moquis, Zuni and Pappago Indians. While away, they called a number of brethren and set them apart to labor among these Indians.

Apostle Grant's efforts, both in the business and the religious world, have been largely inspired by his strong love for his mother, whose love for him, he declares, is beyond his ability to tell. In his youth, his principal

inspiration for effort came from her. He has strengthened his testimony in the Gospel of Christ by exerting himself diligently to faithfully perform the duties imposed upon him. The reading of Smiles' works on «Character,» «Self-Help» and «Thrift,» in his boyhood, has added greatly in assisting him to exert his best efforts to succeed. He declares, too, that the articles in the old Wilson and National school readers have had great influence in the formation of his character. He was greatly impressed with the articles, «Never Despair,» «Daniel Webster at School,» «Behind Time,» and the articles on «Early Bible History,» and he was profoundly moved with the life of Nephi, as recorded in the Book of Mormon, which he read when a lad of thirteen or fourteen years of age. He admired Nephi's faith, devotion and uncomplaining spirit; and his statements when requested to return to Jerusalem to get the plates, have been guiding stars in his life:

And it came to pass that I, Nephi, said unto my father, I will go and do the things which the Lord hath commanded, for I know that the Lord giveth no commandments unto the children of men save he shall prepare the way for them that they may accomplish the things which he has commanded them.

But behold I said unto them, that as the Lord liveth, we will not go down unto our father in the wilderness, until we have accomplished the thing which the Lord has commanded us.

And it came to pass that I spake unto my brethren saying: Let us go up unto Jerusalem, and let us be faithful in keeping the commandments of the Lord, for behold, he is mightier than all the earth, then why not mightier than Laban and his fifty, yea, or even his tens of thousands.

It can not be said, however, that he has been a great reader, but what he has read has been matter that is worth remembering. He has always sought for the gem in his reading, and then tried to put the good therein into the practice of his life. He is fond of poetry and music. Pope's «Essay on Man,» and «Essay on Criticism» have

pleased him greatly, and his favorite novels are written by Dickens, but the books which he enjoys most are such as inspire the young to success—such works as Samuel Smiles'. He is passionately fond of music, and while nature does not seem to have specially intended him for a singer, his determination to learn to sing the songs of Zion is worthy of emulation, and his success in this line is an illustration of the truth that he who tries will conquer.

Apostle Grant is a thorough believer in work, and he has little use for boys and girls, men or women, who shirk labor. «I consider that work is beyond value to the young; one of the greatest blessings that can come to a young man is to have his time fully occupied. It develops him, and the more labor he does, the greater his capacity for work becomes, and the greater the ease with which he may accomplish anything he desires.» Brother Grant has had no opportunity to learn a trade, and he has no profession. His leading aim in life is to discharge acceptably the duties which devolve upon him as an Apostle of the Lord Jesus Christ, and he enjoys that work best which brings him as a minister among the youth of Zion. He is active, energetic, determined; and the obstacle must be great indeed which shall deter him from achieving success in any line that he may set his heart upon. One of his leading traits of character, in fact, is his desire and determination to succeed when he sets out to win. He takes genuine pleasure in laboring to accomplish results, and this is one of the main reasons why he has succeeded.

Every person in the Church has had his faith tried; if not, that is likely to occur at some time, and so it will be inspiring to all to learn that Apostle Grant is not without his experience. In his case, it resulted, in the end, in strengthening his testimony. So will yours, if you continue true to your testimony, as he did. When a child, he received a patriarchal blessing which he often read, and in which he had implicit faith. Among

other things, he was promised that he should be called to the ministry in his youth, which he interpreted to mean that he would be asked to fill a mission to preach the Gospel. He expected that, like Erastus Snow, Joseph F. Smith and others who were ministers at the age of fifteen and sixteen years, he would be thus called at an early age. But years passed, and he was not selected. «Some of my associates,» he said to the writer, «were called, and returned home, still I was left, and a spirit constantly followed me whispering that I knew the patriarch had lied to me, and therefore I ought to renounce my allegiance to the work of God. I finally said to myself, I know the Gospel is true, I have had so many testimonies that I can not doubt it, and no matter how many patriarchs have made statements that are not true, I do not purpose making shipwreck of my faith, and lose eternal salvation because of a mistake on the part of a patriarch.» It was not long after he had so determined that he was called, just before he was twenty-four years of age, to preside over the Tooele Stake of Zion, the youngest Stake president in all the Church. Up to that time, he had seldom spoken in public, and he felt his lack of ability very keenly. In this call to preside over a Stake of Zion came the fulfillment in very deed of the words of the patriarch, upon which the young president had so far placed a wrong interpretation. As the truth dawned upon him, he felt that he had conquered doubt by faith in God and in His work. This incident, which had been a great test of his belief, and the trial of his life, became and is one of the strong testimonies which has served to strengthen his faith in God and in the Priesthood. It has proved that the servants of the Lord have the inspiration of the offices which they hold. Other promises, made by the servants of the Lord to him, have been fulfilled, in which he sees added testimony of the interest of the Divine in the affairs of this Church. Thus, when he was blessed by Patriarch John Rowberry, while still acting as president of the

Tooele Stake, he was promised that he would be chosen to be one of the leaders of Israel. In his youth, Sister Eliza R. Snow, in the gift of tongues, promised him that he should be one of the leading men in the Church, the interpretation being given by Sister Zina D. Young at the home of the late Wm. C. Staines. His call to the Apostleship is a fulfillment of these inspired sayings, and it has all strengthened his faith.

Brother Grant's experience is full of testimonies that God lives and that He answers prayers. When his wife, Lucy Stringam, to whom he was married in St. George, November 1, 1877, died, some years ago, he received a manifestation from the Lord in direct answer to his prayer. His wife, let it be said in passing, was one of the noble daughters of God, a woman of excellent character, sweet disposition, and a judgment in business affairs which was no small factor in Heber's early financial successes. While she was dying, her daughter Lucy, then a little over twelve years of age, insisted that the father should administer to the mother and heal her—such was the child's faith. «I sent my children out of the room,» he told me, «and pleaded with the Lord to give some special manifestation that in the death of my wife His will would be done. I told Him that I acknowledged His hand in life or in death, in prosperity or in adversity, but that I lacked strength to see my wife die and have it affect the faith of my children in the ordinances of the Gospel.» Shortly thereafter, his wife died, and when he then called the children into the room, his daughter Lucy, putting her arms around the necks of her younger sisters, and also her little brother, told them not to cry, because the voice of the Lord had told her: «In the death of your mama, the will of the Lord will be done.» As the child knew nothing of the father's prayer, it is evident the answer came from God to her in answer thereto, a fact which Brother Grant considers a special manifestation of the Lord's goodness to him, and which he declares he will ever

remember with gratitude and thanksgiving.

Another incident will suffice. His only son, Heber Stringam, upon whom he had built great hopes, died some time after the death of his mother. Brother Grant is naturally an affectionate man, easily moved to tears and quite emotional, and yet his son, under these conditions, passed away without the father shedding a tear. «There was in my home a very calm, sweet, heavenly influence. Without the supporting influence of the Holy Spirit,» he declares, «it would be impossible for me to undergo, almost joyfully, a scene of this kind. I felt almost a heavenly joy, notwithstanding the sorrow which had come into my life.» He explained that a dream was the cause of it. «Just a few hours before my son's death, I dreamed his mother came for him, and after a discussion with my mother, I dreamed I had allowed her to take my son, as I felt impressed in my dream that he would be a cripple all his life, should he live, since his trouble was hip disease.»

In his own life, too, he and his have been assured with faith in the promises of God. Thus, three years ago, when he was operated on for appendicitis, his wife Lucy, who as stated is dead, visited his home and promised his wife Augusta Winters, to whom he was married May 26, 1884, that he should recover. He felt so impressed himself, and believed that he should live through the ordeal. When, therefore, after the operation, the doctors said that blood poison had set in, and he could not live, neither his wife nor himself felt any alarm, but both had a perfect assurance that he should recover, and their faith was not in vain.

In political life, Apostle Grant has had some experience, having served one term in the Council of the Territorial Legislature, and several terms in the City Council of Salt Lake City as Councilman.

Apostle Grant is tall and erect in figure, with prominent features which indicate energy and push. His desire to aid others has given him a disposition to feel for his

fellows, and there is not a man in Zion with a more loving, helping heart than has Heber Jeddie Grant. One of his traits, which is worthy of emulation, is his determination to overcome obstacles and defects that stand in his way to the perfection of his character. When he discovers a fault in himself, he endeavors by persistent and continued effort, such as only few are capable of, to overcome. And thus his life is growing better as the years increase, and will continue until his ideal of perfection, which enlarges with his deeper knowledge, shall be reached. He has gained the love, respect and confidence of his friends and business associates; and the authorities of the Church impose in him the fullest trust. He is an active worker in the cause of God, and has learned to feel the keenest delight in his labors among the Saints. He loves the youth of Israel, and in his sermons frequently addresses his earnest remarks to them. Associated with the Twelve, and with the General Boards of the Sunday Schools and the Improvement Associations, he is constantly among the people, and his counsel and practical advice, in temporal as well as spiritual affairs, are eagerly sought.

I asked him to say a word to you boys and girls of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR; what he would say, in fact, if he could speak to all the children of Zion. In reply, he gave a sermon that will require all the days of your lives to live, but only a few moments to read. He said: «I would say to them: (Honor thy father and thy mother that thy days may be long upon the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.) Seek for the light and inspiration of the spirit of God to guide you in all the walks of life; be forgiving, be charitable. Never allow the acts of men to affect your faith in the Gospel. Remember that God says we should be anxiously engaged in a good cause, and bring to pass much righteousness, for the power is in us wherein we are agents unto ourselves, that inasmuch as men d

good, they shall in nowise lose their reward. In every vocation of life, try to get the spirit of God to aid you in the accomplishment of your work. Try to make others happy, and to aid them in carrying their burdens in life, and you are sure of happiness, not only in this life, but in the life to

come. Remember the words of Lord Bulwer Lytton: 'Dream, O youth. Dream, nobly and manfully, and thy dreams shall be thy prophets.' Always be punctual, truthful and virtuous, and you will thereby insure yourself the love of God and of all good men."

*Edward H. Anderson.*



### A SURE WORD OF PROPHECY.

**M**EN'S experiences vary with respect to their individual development.

Pre-natal influences and local conditions unite in preparing the understanding of man to see little or much of the many forces operating in the world. To one the unanimity of nature's workings reveals the guiding finger of divine providence, to another it is a sealed book, and all is the work of chance. Paul could not demonstrate to the unbeliever that Christ, whose followers he was ignorantly persecuting, had appeared to him on the way to Damascus, yet in the Spirit of Christ he testified to those who had seen their risen Redeemer that the Son of God had actually appeared and rebuked him for the blind and stubborn warfare he was waging against the Saints. His life changed, and under the direction of divine power, he grew to be among the mightiest and most valiant in the service of the Master. Under his voice some were filled with amazement to witness such wonders coming from a former persecutor, others said much learning had made him mad. Behind the bars and under the lash he told and retold the story of his conversion, and though all men would have turned their ridicule and hatred upon him, he could have but told the story of his conversion. Common rules of analysis might not

demonstrate his position—the ordinary methods of proving geometrical problems might not apply—it might be entirely contrary to man's reason and his usual way of thinking, yet Christ, his risen Lord, had appeared to him, and he could not repudiate the divine favor. He knew as absolutely that Christ lived as that he lived, and that testimony was imperishable. That sure word of prophecy unto him was a living, actual experience.

The experiences of the Latter-day Saints conform naturally and compare favorably with those of the Saints of the former days, notwithstanding it is frequently said that the Mormon people are dupes, bending and chafing under the will of ambitious leaders who impose upon the ignorant, ride personal ambitions over their common rights and destroy the individuality of the citizen. Be it remembered that all people are what they are by reason of what they have done, and the above statement is less pertinent to Latter-day Saints than to their defamers. The unity, integrity, devotion and continued faithfulness of the Mormon people assert the origin of their principles, and according to our understanding, they are judged by what they do and not by their pretensions. Our actions are simply the interpretations of

our judgment; if our actions are coarse, we reveal a decrepit nature. When men continuously inflict their fellows with indignities and personal hatred, an abnormal and distorted mental condition is evident. We may not all be created equal, but we are children of the same God, and may believe or disbelieve. We do not all see alike, and a message does not have the same effect upon us all. However, it may upon persons of the same class have a corresponding effect, but truth-seekers are more likely to understand and believe the truth than those who manifest no such desires. The Latter-day Saints did not leave their kindred, old-time friends and long-established principles simply for the fun of it. They did not leave their associates in the world because they did not love them. It was not because of any desire for new lands and new homes. They were not dissatisfied with the growth of civil and religious liberty in the countries from which they came. They loved their kindred, they loved their countrymen, they loved the characteristic features of their countries, and they loved the sacred principles evolved from the necessities of the people. But God had made known unto them a better way and showed them how they could manifest their love for Him and redeem their souls. He gave unto them a more sure word of prophecy, to which they gave heed and gathered to their Zion in fulfillment of ancient predictions. Every person who has obeyed the call of the Lord through His servants has verified the promise of Christ that by doing the will of the Father we will know whether the doctrine is of God or not. This testimony unto the people has been of greater import than mathematical calculations or analytical reasoning, and if I may be pardoned from apparent egotism I will relate an instance or two in which I received manifestation of a supreme power during my mission in the Southern States.

During the evening of March 28, 1890, Elder David T. LeBaron of Mesa, Arizona, (then president of the South Carolina Confer-

ence) and I were at the residence of John Gordon, a few miles north of Gaffney, in Spartanburg County, South Carolina. A forest fire had been ravaging the woods during the day, which brought together an unusually large number of men. After having extinguished the fire, many of them retired to the Bethel Church where they effected an organization to exterminate the Mormons. Just before supper and while in the yard, I heard a voice say, "You'd better go." I looked around, but saw no one. Had it not been for the strange and unusual effect which followed with a repetition of the words, I would not have noticed it. I became nervous and uncomfortable and suggested to Brother LeBaron that we leave the neighborhood. He, however, not feeling as I felt, could not see the necessity of such a departure when we were among our friends and there was not even apparent danger. A second and a third time I heard the voice, and each time went to my companion and told him what I had heard and how I felt. Brother LeBaron, who was always very deliberate and knew no fear, thought it somewhat inconsistent for us to leave our friends hoping to find security elsewhere. There were, however, a number of families of Saints in the immediate neighborhood and ordinarily it would be considered sufficiently safe.

As the evening passed, I became more restless and unsettled. My heart beat faster and my blood rushed through my veins with greater rapidity, and I felt that I should flee from the conditions which were so unnerving me. I was not frightened of my fellow-men, but I felt the Spirit of Light gradually withdrawing from me, and I knew that something calamitous was about to happen. Minutes seemed hours, and hours, weeks, and the impressions of that evening time cannot efface.

The house was simply a log structure containing but one room, which served the family as dining-room, sitting-room, parlor,



pantry and bed-room all combined. We knelt in prayer around the family hearth, and while my companion was offering words of supplication to our Master, my body was covered with great beads of perspiration, and I felt that I was nearing perdition. An apparent panorama appeared to my mind. I saw a crowd of men come from the road and surround the house, and when they raised large boulders, my fear was complete and I lost power over every muscle. No sooner had the stones struck the door than I hit the rafters. I jumped back between the beds with the hope of security, expecting to get a gun or ax for defense. Finding no weapons, and while trying to pull off one of the bed posts, six or eight rifles and shotguns were leveled on me and I was unceremoniously and in thundering tones commanded to lead the procession. My companion and I led, unwillingly, the clamorous brigade. They followed in close proximity, in fact we could feel their presence for several days after. The experience was more exciting than pleasant. The climax came when we reached the forks of the road where others were waiting to receive us. Judgment was rendered, and we were ordered stripped, each to receive forty lashes on our naked bodies or be shot, and if we would not promise to leave after the whipping, they would shoot us anyway. We failed to convince them that their judgment was not well taken, and they proceeded to relieve us of our clothes. Our coats and vests lay on the ground, and the leader of that august body asked why we came there when we were just beaten in our own country. My answer did not seem to be sufficiently courteous, so blue smoke arose and hickories fell, reminding me of my boyhood days. The hickories acted as a quietus, and my composure immediately returned. I remembered my blessing and that part where I was promised to go in peace and return in safety, and I thought, «Lord, You made a mistake this time.» This was immediately dispelled with the words, «You did not obey the

voice of the Lord.» I fairly wilted, offering a secret prayer for forgiveness and deliverance. I commenced reasoning with them and soon showed them the fallacy of their position. They advised us to go home, turn off all of our women but one and live like «we'uns,» then told us to «hit the grit.» We had no sooner started than they tried to recall us, but in pursuance of their other order we «hit the grit.» Thus thwarted in their design, they began to throw stones and shoot at us. A great number of shots were fired and bullets and missiles fell all around, but not one hit us. Thus we were delivered from the mob, and by following the whisperings of the Spirit always after avoided them.

Within a week of the above occurrence and at about nine o'clock at night, we were warned as before, and soon as we could tell the folks good-bye and pick up our grips we commenced to travel. As we were leaving the yard a friend came running and told us to go quickly for a mob was coming. As we left the clearing on one side, the mob entered on the other, thus we missed an entangling alliance.

Elder Wm. A. Reeve of Hinckley, Millard County, Utah, and I were sent to labor in Union County, but because of persecution coming upon the Saints and threatened extermination, we were requested to return to Spartanburg. At eleven o'clock p. m., after having walked about 30 miles that afternoon and being within a mile of friends, I was encompassed with a peculiar sensation. It seemed like a clond had come over me. I was rendered motionless and laid on my back in the dusty road entirely helpless. After remaining in that condition for about half an hour, this temporary paralysis ceased, and the cloud left as it came. At the time those mysterious feelings came over me, I was completely jaded, but immediately upon arising, I expressed my feelings to my companion that I never felt better or happier in the world, and that I was completely free from the effects of our long walk. In about

five minutes we came to Widow Wood's, where between her two houses which were joined by a roof we saw a crowd of men drinking, and heard them swearing and cursing the Mormons. Two or three large, ferocious hounds lay at the gate, but did not appear to see us. It was a very bright moonlight night. Never before had people passed Widow Wood's without those dogs rushing at them as if they intended eating them up. However, we did not understand the purport of what had actually occurred until we arrived at Lot Wilson's, about half a mile beyond. We rapped at the door, and Bro. Wilson answered, and as he opened the door said, "Elders, it hasn't been twenty minutes since the mob left here."

During the latter part of September, 1892, I was at Pireway, N. C., where I was preparing for conference to be held on the 1st and 2nd of October. Early in the morning when I was returning from the woods where I had been in prayer, a voice said, "Go to Long Bay." I looked around, but could see no one. The words were repeated, and I felt a power accompanying them. I was considerably agitated and began to wonder why I was told to go to Long Bay. During my meditation the words were repeated, "Go to Long Bay," and I answered, "I'll go." I went immediately to the house of Monroe Long, where I was staying, and asked for the use of his horse and buggy to drive to Long Bay. Mr. Long wished to know what I was going to Long Bay for, and I told him that I did not know except that I felt impressed to go there, to which he answered, "You Mormons get funnier all the time; I can't understand you." However, he lent me his horse and buggy, and I proceeded to Long Bay.

Long Bay is on the Atlantic coast in Horry County, South Carolina, and I was in the adjoining county on the north, Columbus County, N. C. I drove to the house of John Patrick, at Long Bay, tied up the horse and walked into the house. Finding no one in

the front room, I went on into the bedroom in the rear of the house, and found two Elders down with the ague. Henry Wallace, of Salt Lake City, was lying in one corner of the room, and James S. Carlyle, of Mill Creek, in another. My anticipations had been great. All day I had tried to determine for what I was going to Long Bay, and what I would find upon arriving there. I never once thought of Elders being in that neighborhood. When I last heard from these two Elders they were down near the mouth of the Little Pee Dee River. My expectations had worked me up almost to a fever heat, and when I walked into the room where they were both lying prostrate, I felt that I should collapse. I went to each of the Elders in turn, took them by the hands and commanded them to arise in the name of Jesus Christ, and be made whole. They arose and dressed, and rejoiced because the power of God had been made manifest in their behalf. Elder Carlyle returned with me to Pireway, and Elder Wallace came a few days later.

When I was delivered by the power of God from the mobs in South Carolina, do you suppose I stopped to consider whether or not it accorded with men's reason? Do you think that because my experience was marvelous, I questioned its reasonableness? Can I contradict what I have actually felt, seen and heard simply because somebody else says it is superstition? When forced to earth by the power of God to avoid contact and destruction from villainous men, could I be so base as to say that there is not a living and eternal God? When I see the mouths of ferocious animals stopped and the eyes of men blinded, can I deny the exercise of Supreme Power? When men hear the voice of the Lord, shall they deny it and destroy the sense that God has endowed them with? If men obey the Lord and walk by faith and see the sick instantly restored, does that destroy their reason? A blind man may declare that there is no light, but does that repudiate the sense and power of sight of the many who


see the contrast between light and darkness? Because the blind cannot see, or the deaf cannot hear, are they justified in branding as ignorant those who declare that they can hear and that they can see? God forbid that the time shall ever come when I will repudiate the power another possesses simply because I have not witnessed its exercise. If men walk by faith they do well. If they walk by reason, they do well; but if they walk by faith *and* by reason, they do better. We

are Latter-day Saints because of the revelations of the Almighty in whatever manner they have come. We walk by reason and we walk by faith. We have a more sure word of prophecy abiding in our souls. The Latter-day Saints are guided by revelations from our Father in heaven, which revelations are lights unto them in this world of strife, beckoning them on to a higher and purer life.

*Henry S. Tanner.*



## THE AMERICAN «SKY-SCRAPER.»

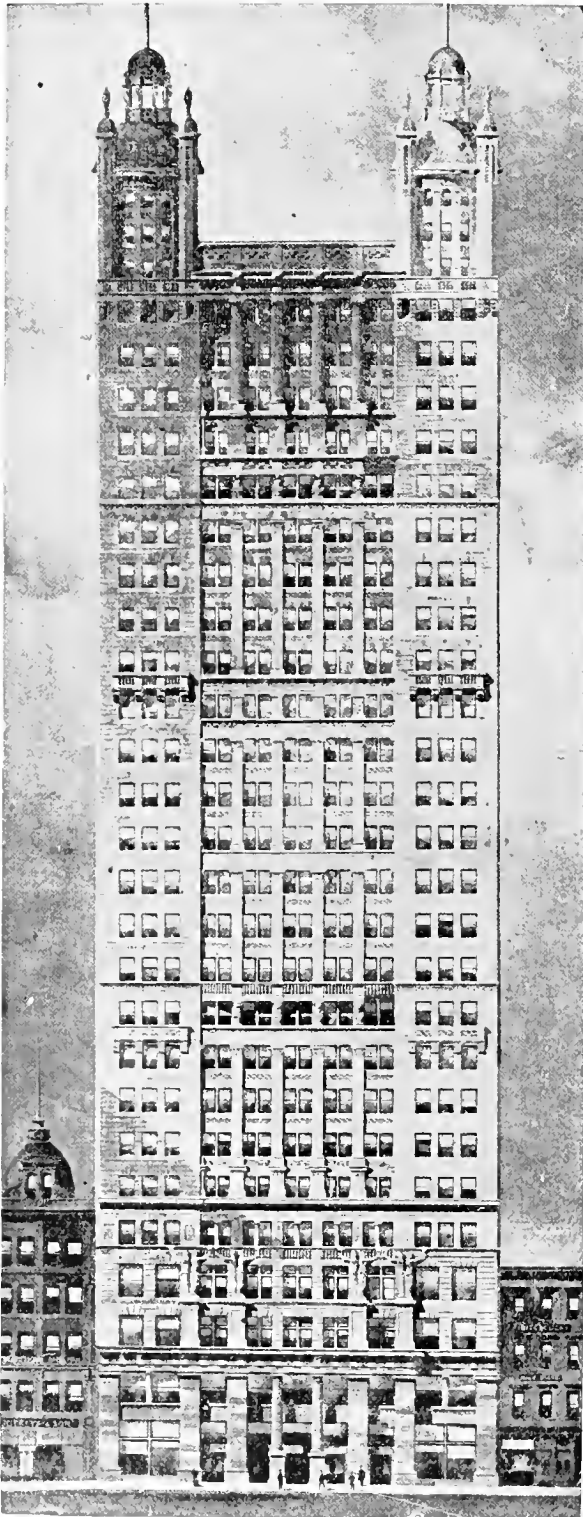
 N the next page is a view of the great American «sky-scraper,» the same showing the tallest representative of the family, the Park Row building in New York. It is the highest office building in the world, being somewhere in the neighborhood of 350 feet from pavement to cap-stone. The famous cathedral at Cologne on the Rhine—a structure which was several hundred years in building, and of which it has been said that it never would be completed, because the older parts would need to be repaired or replaced as fast as the new portions were finished—is of about the same height as this sky-scraper. But the former gets its height from its spires, the main body of the structure being much lower; while the Park Row building practically carries all its walls up to the very top, which makes it seem much higher. It is one of the conspicuous sights of New York, being visible far above any other of its fellows and above the great mass of brick and stone constituting the metropolis, as one approaches the city. Trinity Church, on lower Broadway, is a baby compared with it; and yet it is not so many years since every

visitor to New York felt it a duty to ascend the steeple of that ancient edifice to view the city and its harbor and surroundings.

The following interesting facts concerning this modern development of lofty buildings in the greater cities of America has been kindly furnished by Mr. R. Kletting, the well-known architect of this city:

«Twenty-five years ago buildings other than churches or public buildings were considered tall when they reached a height of six stories. About that period the price of real estate became so high that it was difficult to get sufficient revenue from buildings only six stories high, and the property owners began to look sky-wards. Swift-running passenger elevators were constructed, and where before six flights of stairs were about the limit the average renter could climb, there was now no trouble to reach almost any number of stories. As a consequence, buildings up to ten stories were erected.

«To be less subject to the action of fire, these buildings were built with solid masonry walls and all columns and joists were made of iron, with concrete or hollow tile filling between the joists. The walls of such a

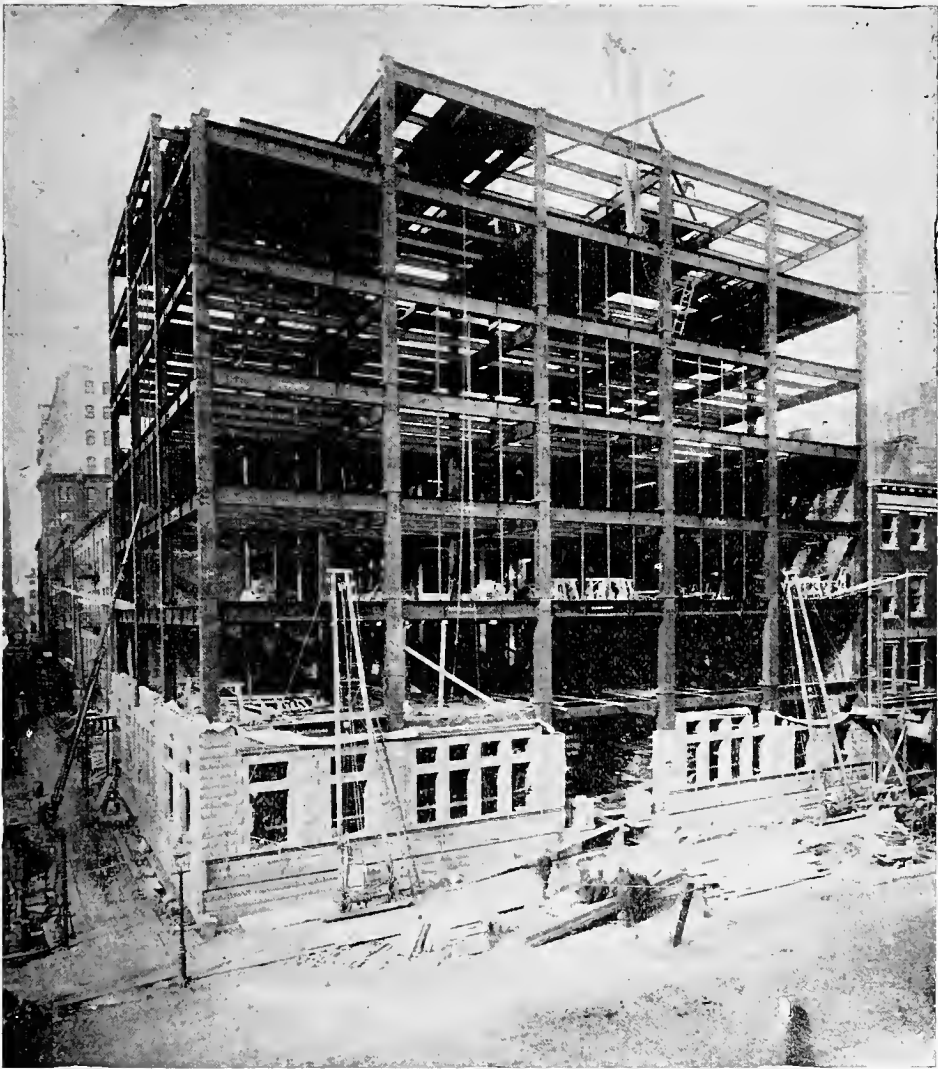


building had to be very heavy at the lower stories; the foundation also had to be very large—and this was a great drawback. The space occupied by these thick walls greatly reduced not only the rentable area, but also the area obtainable for windows. The interior of the lower stories was therefore usually rather dark.

«To remedy this, architects, after numerous trials, began to introduce what is called the «skeleton construction.» This is very similar to the construction of a frame house lined with brick, only that in this case all the studs, joists and rafters are made of steel, and that the studs are often from eight to twelve feet or even further apart, and have of course considerably larger dimensions: the taller the building, the heavier are these studs or columns at the bottom, diminishing towards the top.

«The steel frame-work or skeleton is erected first and well-braced and riveted together so as to stand independently. The steel parts are afterwards protected against the action of fire or of atmospheric influences by covering them all around with light brick work or with terra cotta, and by filling between the posts and girders with light brick walls. The upright posts are usually composed of four or more pieces well riveted together and with joints well broken in height, so as to form one continuous stick from the foundation to the roof. Horizontal steel beams of suitable form are used to tie the columns together at the heights of the floors and where otherwise necessary to give support to the brick or terra cotta filling between and around the posts or beams.

«Thus every story carries its own walls and the latter can be made very



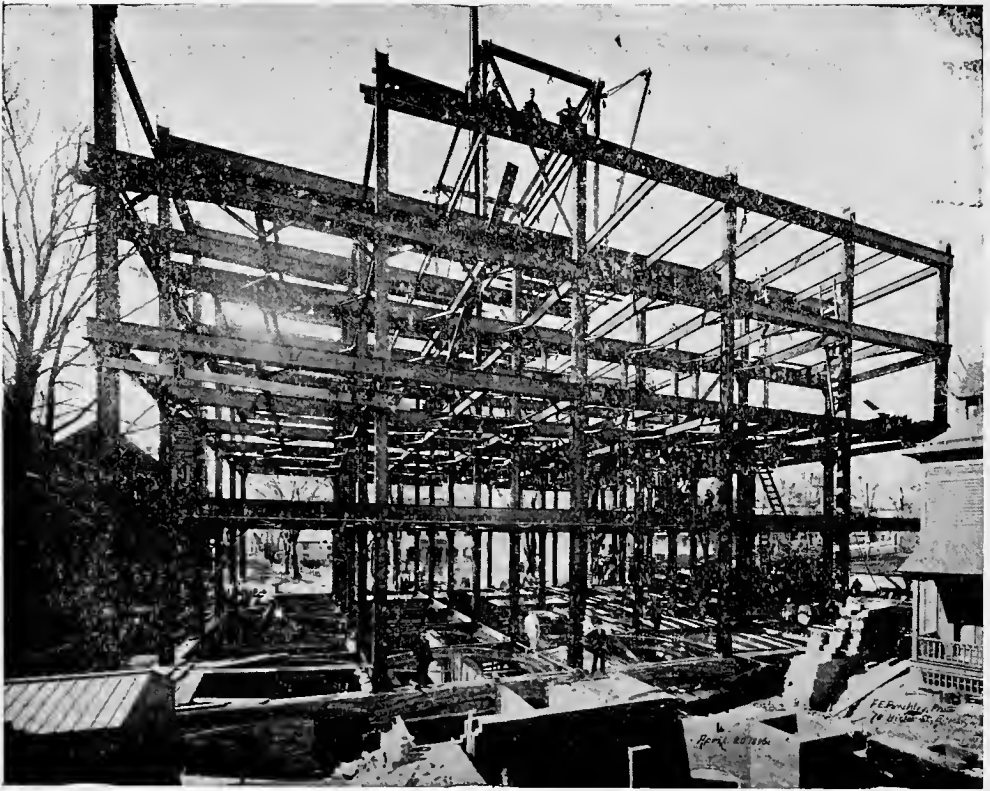
THE WAY «SKY-SCRAPERS» ARE BUILT.

light, usually only twelve inches thick, and thereby the weight of the building is considerably reduced compared with the solid wall construction. It will be readily seen that with an arrangement of this kind, buildings can be carried to a much greater height than before, as the walls are much lighter and it is only necessary to increase the diameter of the columns or posts in proportion to the greater heights required.

«The floors are built of steel beams with

hollow tile filling as described above, and all partitions are made of hollow tile. Stairs and all other interior fittings are made of iron; and such a building is then practically fire-proof. This is a very necessary condition when one considers that fighting fires in the upper stories of high buildings is almost impossible.

«There are now in New York and Chicago buildings of this type having up to thirty stories above the sidewalk. The highest office building is the Park Row building,



FOUNDATION AND FRAME-WORK OF A «SKY-SCRAPER.»

with its thirty stories, containing over 1000 offices, beside toilet rooms for both sexes on each floor. The building is lighted by electricity and heated by steam, and the basement contains a bewildering mass of boilers and machinery for the operations of the elevators, the generation of steam and electricity, for pumping water throughout the

building and for various other purposes. Altogether a building of this size is a very complicated affair, and the erection of it an immense undertaking.

«The sky-scrapers are a strictly American institution, and this country can justly be proud of them.»



## SHORT STORIES.

[FROM THE ENGLISH CLASSES OF THE BRIGHAM YOUNG ACADEMY.]

### VERNA—A TRUE STORY.

**T**HE first of September, 1893, was a sunshiny day in our little village. The farmers were busy with the harvest, their wives and daughters doing the house-

work, and merry songs and chatter of children rippled out on the air. All was peace and quietude.

But how quickly the scene changes! A

horseman comes dashing into town, his pale face bespeaking intense excitement. As he passes the first house a cry comes from his quivering lips that rings through the whole village.

«A child is lost! A child is lost! Little Verna has strayed from the Castle Ranch and we want help to find her!»

In that little place, where all are as one family, one man's grief is felt by everyone, and before the messenger had been there half an hour, many men had left to join in the search.

The streets were filled with groups of anxious people, and all faces grew pale as they heard the cry:

«Oh! it is my three-year-old darling that is lost. She went to the ranch this morning with her aunt. O, Father in Heaven protect my baby and bring her safely back to me!»

But we shall leave the mother, with the kind villagers, to bear the time as best they can, and follow the searching party.

Just as the sun was setting, the father heading the party, came galloping across the sage brush plain to where I was. Yes, I was there and had been searching for hours before they came. My face too plainly told that the search was still a vain one.

«Have you found her tracks?» was his first question.

«Yes,» I answered, «and lost them again right here on this grassy flat.»

His quick eye, used much to hunting, soon spied the little shoe-prints going south-east over the hills, and away he sped, followed by many others.

While they are searching, pause with me a moment while I tell you how she left us.

That morning I had taken little Verna with me to the ranch to bring Aunt May and baby cousin to town. Her little arms were around my neck most of the way, and she chattered about the birds, bees, and butterflies, and pressed her rose-bud lips against my face many times, in her innocent glee. When we arrived at Aunt May's she had a real live

baby to amuse her, and so the childish wants were complete.

About 2 o'clock I went out to water the horse. Standing by the stream, I thoughtlessly slipped the rope from the horse's neck, then thinking an instant later what a foolish thing I had done, to turn him loose, and not a man on the place.

He galloped off and I ran to catch him, knowing all the time my efforts would be in vain. May, seeing what I had done, came to help me, and told Verna to stay with baby, and she would soon be back. Time after time we almost had our hand on the horse's mane, when he would toss his head and away he would go. Fearing to leave the children alone very long, May returned to the house after being gone about twenty minutes, and I continued the chase.

Soon I heard some one calling, and listening intently caught the words, «Verna's gone! Come quick!»

I almost flew across the field to the house, but found no one there save baby Ray.

Ah! there were her little tracks leading across the wash and up the road toward home. Quickly I ran, with baby in my arms, where May had gone before me.

For half a mile the little feet had followed the road, then turned and descended a deep wash where her tracks were lost on the pebbly bed of the creek. Here I found May and we continued the search together.

What was that we heard that made our very hearts stand still! It was the child's cry. On we ran, calling «Verna! Verna! Here we are! O darling, come to us!» But the only answer was a pitiful wail, and soon that ceased.

We knew she was near us, but nowhere could we see or find any trace of her. What could two lone girls do in such a place?

But help was nearer than we thought. A boy from home, who was out hunting, happened to ride past that way, and seeing our distress, joined with us in the search for awhile. But we must have more help, so



acting on our request the boy sped away to town as fast as he could go. You know what happened there.

Night came on and found us weary, anxious searchers still on her trail. At 1 o'clock we find her tiny hand prints in the mud where she has lain down to get a drink, and find footprints also where she has waded the stream and left the creek.

The trackers crawl on hands and knees, guided by lantern light; and oftentimes the only trace is the turning or displacement of a small rock or chip. She has climbed a high, steep cliff, and every minute we expect to see where she has slipped, and is dashed to pieces on the sharp rocks below. Mile after mile we trace her, but nowhere do we see her.

It is nearly morning and we know she must be near us, for there are her tracks crossing our own. Fires are built on every prominence, lighting up the whole country, and every man keeps calling, «Verna! Verna!» but there comes no answer save the echo.

All think as soon as daylight comes our pursuit will be rewarded, but hopes are almost blighted and cold chills creep over us as one man exclaims,

«Look here!»

Side by side with those tiny footprints are the tracks of a wolf, and just then from all

sides comes the shriek of the starving coyotes as though they had just found a fresh bait.

The father, driven to the point of desperation by the night's fruitless search, dashes here, there, and everywhere, sending forth a pitiful cry for his darling.

Just as the rays of the morning sun float down upon us, he is crossing a hollow, when there, under the bushes, is the precious child lying motionless on the ground.

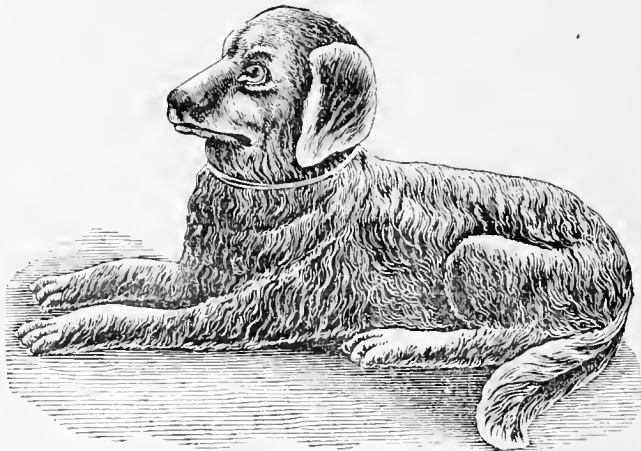
Thank heavens, asleep not dead! A dirty face, half covered by a grimy little hand, and tangled curls fall in profusion around her shoulders.

With one bound he clasped her in his arms, and as she slowly opened her blue eyes, he with a loud shout of joy holds her high to the gaze of that faithful rescue party, who for twelve long hours have searched so hungrily for that little treasure. Cheer after cheer answered the shout from husky throats, and rough-bearded men shed tears of gratitude.

It is a strange meeting this, of almost the entire village at sunrise out on the desert. As we gather round our «found darling,» she nestled her golden brown curls against her papa's face, and smiling sweetly said:

«Tottie's dot my bonnet, and I wants some bread and milk.»

*Hattie T. Snow.*





## SUNDAY SCHOOL DISCIPLINE.

### XII.—ANALOGIES BETWEEN THE OLD AND THE NEW DISPENSATION.

THERE are so many similarities between the people whose religious life and conditions are described in the Bible and Book of Mormon, and the Latter-day Saints, that analogies are always advantageous in illustrating the peculiarities and histories of these times. Of course the conditions and surroundings are never identical, but the results in the life of the people often have such a striking likeness as to be very convincing to those who are inclined to reason by analogy. This sort of reasoning is very helpful to students of the lower grades. An interest is always aroused when bits of history are brought home to them. When once it is established that there is a relationship in the history of ancient and modern Israel, new interest is taken, and the subject becomes more vivid in the minds of the students.

Ancient and modern histories are full of analogies, and I could not hope to point out more than a few that are striking when we consider what the people did in early days and what they are doing now.

In the first place, there is a very interesting analogy in the geography of Utah and the Holy Land. Both countries are mountainous, and the references in the Old Testament to the life of a people in the tops of the mountains have a peculiar significance to us in these days. It is true that that country, though similar to this, represents Utah only in miniature. Its mountains are lower, its streams and rivers smaller, its lakes less extensive, and all of its natural history is of less gigantic proportions than that of our State. They have their Sea of Galilee—we have our Utah Lake. Their Sea of Galilee empties into the Jordan River, so does our Utah Lake. Their Jordan opens into the great Dead Sea of Palestine—the Jordan of Utah empties into the Dead Sea of America. The valleys and rolling hills of Judea afford

inducements to pastoral and industrial life similar to those of our State. Palestine was a convenient location between the great highway of the east and the west—so is Utah.

Besides the analogies found in geography, there are also analogies to be found in the history of the people. Take the exodus of ancient Israel from Egypt through Arabia to the Holy Land. Compare it with the exodus of the Mormon people from Nauvoo. Examine that exodus carefully, and there will be found numerous striking resemblances in the peculiarities of the two different peoples. When the Saints reached Utah, they were called to settle different parts of the Territory and they responded to that call. When Israel reached the Holy Land, the people were called in tribes to occupy different parts of the country. They had their wars and contentions with the natives—so had the Saints theirs. In time they built temples—the Saints did likewise. In all these great movements a careful study will indicate that a common spirit actuated both them and the Saints.

Passing on to the time of Christ, we find Him and His disciples pursuing the humble walks of life. No good could come out of Nazareth. His disciples were ignorant men. Christ came to do the bidding of His Father who sent Him. He asked His disciples to follow and they yielded obedience. The Mormons came from the humble walks of life. Many of them are as ignorant as the fishermen of Galilee. They instinctively feel that there is a call made upon them and they yield obedience. Jesus and His disciples were possessed of a peculiar spirit—some of the Pharisees said it was the spirit of Beelzebub. The enemies of Mormonism designate its spirit, for they recognize that it has one, as the spirit of evil.

Ancient Israel was generally at a financial

disadvantage when compared with the Phœnicians and Greeks—great financial ability has not always characterized the people of Utah. Christ sent His missionaries out, they went without purse or scrip—so go our missionaries.

Perhaps the most interesting analogy and the most useful one to Mormon missionaries is that found in the life of Paul and the life of hundreds of missionaries who go out as he went to proclaim the new dispensation. These analogies will always give students something to think about, and they will ponder over this sort of reasoning during the week and await with great interest and satisfaction each Sabbath day because of the striking evidences portrayed in the comparisons between ancient and modern life in the

histories of chosen peoples. If such analogies are not of the most convincing character, they arouse feelings of wonderment, and give rise to numerous questions. Further, these analogies have their important function in building up a spirit of faith in the minds of children.

Analogies always create interest and perform an important part in contributing to the love which students should have for the Sabbath School work. They are part of the chain which binds together the feelings and convictions of teacher and pupil, and as we approach the highest point of interest, we obtain more and more a higher state of discipline, for it must always be remembered that whatever awakens interest promotes the discipline of the school. *J. M. Tanner.*



## MARCUS KING, MORMON.

### CHAPTER IX.

ONE morning Marcus received a bunch of letters from the West. One was from Janet, one from John and some from his friends. One had come from Hungerton and had traveled the long journey back again. The handwriting was not his mother's and when he opened it he knew the cause; his mother was dead, now nearly two months ago.

It was sad news to Marcus. He had hoped to have seen her yet once more; but now she had gone to his father. She had borne the news of his son to him. Did they understand the truth there and rejoice that they had a son on earth who was an honor and not a disgrace to them now? Marcus believed they did.

Shortly after New Years, Marcus set out on a long journey. He meant to reach Hun-

gerton early in the spring, and even if he could do nothing, he wanted to see his mother's grave. Besides, there was a little property which he would have to dispose of.

Marcus walked from village to village, and from farm to farm, preaching the Gospel, meeting with the usual ups and downs incident to missionary life. People had very little use for religion. The great question before the country was politics. The nation was in a turmoil. Congress was vainly trying to adjust the rights of «slave States» and «free States.» Kansas was the scene of civil war. John Brown had made his raid on Harper's Ferry, had been captured and hanged. Forebodings of the coming conflict filled the air, and Marcus remembered the utterances of the Prophet Joseph on the subject.

As he neared Hungerton, it seemed to Marcus that the people became more indifferent to his religious teachings. Some threatened him with mob violence if he did not leave the country; but as he did not stop long in one locality they did not disturb him.

One day when warm spring winds had begun to thaw the snow, Marcus trudged along the country road. It was extremely hard walking, as where the snow was not one soft slush he sank over his shoe tops in mud. He had walked all forenoon, and had failed thus far to get anything to eat. He had no money, so all the afternoon he called from house to house in hopes of getting Gospel talks and something to eat; but each succeeding house seemed more hostile than the one before. In the afternoon a storm came up and the rain fell in torrents.

Marcus' clothes were wet through, but on he trudged. Between the farmhouses the forest began to be dense, and when evening came on he found it difficult to keep the road.

Up to ten o'clock that night Marcus had asked at twenty-one places for lodging and had each time been refused. Now he resolved to ask no more, but walk on in the storm all night and get to Hungerton the next day. He would get something to eat and a place to rest there.

So he walked slowly on. The mud and water ran in and out of his shoes. He took off his overcoat, as it was filled with water and heavy. The trees overhead obscured the little light in the sky. The wind howled dismally. Such an utter loneliness Marcus had never felt. In other privations he had had human company, but here he was alone, and not a soul had sufficient milk of human kindness in his breast to take in from the storm a despised Mormon Elder. He was not far from his former home. No doubt many along that road would have known him had he given his name. Three years ago he could have driven along that same road as the Reverend Marcus King and would have

been royally entertained; but now—well, such was the way of the world. He did not expect any better treatment; but, ugh, how the streams of water ran down his back!

He walked on, and the rain still fell. He passed one or two farmhouses, but they were dark and foreboding. He would travel on. Though he was faint and weak, he would be refused no more that night. The mud clung to his feet like great balls. The trees brushed him with their great wet arms.

He was following along a pole fence, when he came to a clearing. A small house stood close to the road, and from a window a shaft of light shot out into the darkness. As he came opposite the door he heard voices. He would ask for a drink of water. As he knocked on the door, the talking within ceased and a man opened it. Marcus did not go in, dripping wet as he was.

"Will you kindly give me a drink of water?" he said.

"Come in, come in, sir; come in out of the storm;" said the man.

"I am dripping wet."

"That's nothing; you can't spoil our carpet." The floor was of cleanly scrubbed pine boards.

Marcus stepped in, and a young girl gave him a glass of water. A large, open fireplace was nearly filled with a burning log. The room was so cozy, but Marcus turned to go again.

"It's rather bad weather for traveling;" said the man, "and you're out late tonight. Walking too?"

"Yes," said Marcus.

The wife now arose, and looked at her husband. She had been looking intently at Marcus all the time. The man understood.

"Are you in a hurry?" he asked.

"No; but I have no place to stop for the night, so I must be on the move."

"Who are you?"

"I am a Mormon Elder, preaching the Gospel without purse or scrip. I have asked for shelter and food twenty-one times during

the day, and have been refused. I shall ask no more," and he moved towards the door.

"But, great God, man, if you want to stay here, you're welcome. I don't care what you are. You're cold and wet and hungry and that's enough. Come up to the fire. Wife, get him something to eat."

The wife did not obey instantly, but she came up to Marcus to take his dripping hat and coat. She peered into his face and said:

"Are you Marcus King?"

"I am. That is my name."

"Why Henry!" she exclaimed, "this is Marcus King, your old pastor at Hungerton."

The man came up also, and took Marcus' hand. He looked closely into the bearded face.

"Are you the preacher from Hungerton?"

"No, Henry," interposed the woman, "you know he left Hungerton, left the pulpit and the church, and joined the Mormons."

Henry Sanford raised one hand to his eyes as if he would clear them of some mist. Then he knew him, and Marcus too recognized his friend whom he had last seen in Hungerton jail, a religious madman.

"I am pleased to meet you, friend Sanford," said Marcus. "I am glad that you are looking so well, you and your family."

"Yes; I am well now, and am rid of mind-destroying religion which nearly sent me to the asylum. Religion is the greatest curse on earth. Perhaps I should not say that, as you are a preacher. But I can prove it. The twenty who refused you shelter and food are all long-faced Christians. I—I am an unbeliever, an infidel—Mother, what are we doing? Can't you see he is nearly starved. I'll get some dry clothes for you, sir; and you'll stay over night with us. This weather is not fit for a dog to travel in."

In a very few minutes Marcus had on dry clothing and was sitting by the fire eating supper. The children stood around in silence. The father began to talk about the coming presidential election, while the mother urged him to eat; but the hour was late, and soon all retired for the night.

Marcus stayed with them all the next day. Mrs. Sanford told him their story, how that Henry had gradually regained his mind, and how that he had turned rank infidel. But it was a thousand times better than the way he was before, she said. He was kind to her and the children, and they all lived happily on the farm away from churches or preachers. Then she told him what news she knew about Hungerton. He also had long talks with Henry, handling him wisely. He was deeply interested in politics and from that Marcus led to science and at last to religion. Henry listened attentively.

"Is that Mormonism?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Well, there's some *sense* to that. Why didn't you preach like that when you were at Hungerton?"

"I could not give what I did not have. Now I have and am sent to give."

"You hold meetings?"

"Whenever I get a chance."

"Will you preach in our schoolhouse to-morrow?"

"With pleasure."

"All right, I'll see to it."

And he did. The next day the news was spread, and early in the afternoon Henry Sanford drove with his whole family to the schoolhouse. Some said that he had "got religion" again, and that the neighbors had better look out for one of his crazy spells; but Henry was all right and knew what he was doing.

The "religion" which Henry Sanford "got" at that meeting in the schoolhouse did not in any way disturb his mental equilibrium. Faith in the Lord Jesus Christ, repentance from sin, baptism for the remission of sin, the gift of the Holy Ghost—these were plain, simple truths substantiated by holy writ. The room was fairly well filled with people from the neighboring farms, and Marcus spoke with power to them. A few had known him when he was a preacher in Hungerton, and wondered at his joining the

Mormons. "Such a young man!" said one. "Such a fine looking man!" said another. "Such a good talker!" said a third.

Marcus was not disturbed until towards the close. Then a man in a further corner began asking questions. Marcus answered them, but the man was not satisfied. Marcus asked his hearers to let him finish his talk and then he would answer any question; but it was evident that the plan was to break up the meeting. The questioner would not sit down. Others began to talk out loud and it seemed as though the meeting would end in an uproar.

Just then Henry Sanford arose. He was sitting near the front and he faced the crowd.

"Ladies and gentlemen," said he in ringing words, "I hope we are peaceable citizens and will give this gentleman a respectful hearing. He will answer your questions after he gets through. Can there be anything fairer than that?"

"His doctrines are deceitful," shouted someone.

"You will have a chance to prove that after awhile, Mr. Simson," replied Henry. "I don't make many pretensions myself, but I believe in the golden rule—the rule, Mr. Simson, that I have heard you expound more than once. Now you have a chance to practice what you preach. Sit down, Mr. Simson, and don't disturb the meeting."

As Henry was the justice of the peace, he spoke with authority. The noise subsided and the meeting went on. At its close no questions were asked, but Mr. Simson and his followers got away as quickly as possible.

Marcus went back with his friends, and spent the night. During the evening some neighbors called in and they had a pleasant time. Next morning Marcus went on his journey. Henry would have taken him to Hungerton in his wagon, but Marcus said he preferred to walk. The distance was short and there were many places on the way where he desired to call.

The rain had ceased. The few remaining clouds were dissolving in the western sky and the sun shone bright and warm. The roads were quite firm under foot. The trees were dry. The air was clear and cool, and full of the coming spring.

All forenoon Marcus walked along the road, calling at the few farmhouses. As he neared Hungerton the country became familiar to him. At noon to eat his lunch he rested on the banks of a creek, which had been a favorite playground when a boy. Here he had often fished, and in the woods surrounding he had laid snares for the squirrels. The creek was now swollen with the rain and rushed down its bed in a brown torrent. Every hill and dale and stream now recalled memories of the past. Marcus lived again as a boy as he sauntered leisurely past the dear familiar scenes of bygone years.

In the afternoon he reached the "top," so called because from its summit the whole valley wherein Hungerton lay could be seen. The road skirted this knoll and often had Marcus climbed the few rods up to its bare rounded surface, even as he now did. Here he got the first view of the broad, still-flowing river, within whose bended arm the town of Hungerton snugly rested. The same rude seat which had been erected on the "top" was there yet, and as Marcus rested on its weather beaten boards he discerned the initials which he and his boy companions had carved on the back. It seemed so long ago, at the same time but yesterday. Where now were the boys? What had been their lot? Where had they roamed, and where settled? How many of those yet in the town before him would recognize the browned, bearded man as their former playmate? What schemes they all had planned! Yes, seated on that same hill top, with the same beautiful panorama before them, they had mapped out their lives, as seemed grandest and best to their boyish imaginations. There was Joe, big, strong Joe. He was to be a merchant and marry sunny-haired Josie; but

Joe turned student and became a college professor, and didn't marry Josie. Then Jim, the fastest runner in the crowd, whose whole aim in life was to learn to pitch a curved ball—he went to school with Marcus, and became a preacher too. And then there was Tom, tow-headed, freckled-faced Tom, who took all the bantering the boys and girls gave him in such a quiet, good-humored way. The last heard of him was that he was on the way to the gold fields of California. Then Fred, who crushed his leg in the woods and ever after walked with a crutch. He, instead of Joe, became the merchant and married sunny-haired Josie. There was little Sammy, who couldn't climb the hill without getting out of breath. He alone had not wandered, as the little white cross in the graveyard showed. Then there was Marcus, whose father was the minister, who was supposed to set the other boys a good example.

What had become of him? Ah; he had become the black sheep of the lot, he had disgraced the community, had deserted his church and his charge and, worst of all, had become a Mormon.

Marcus sat until the sun sank low in the west. The river gleamed with burnished gold. The breeze tossed the swelled buds of the trees back and forth, as if rocking to sleep the impatient, waking children of the forest. Then the sun went down, and the gray shadows crept over the valley below, crept up the hill sides, crept up over the "top," and the whole earth was enwrapped in a soft twilight. Then the heart of the young man was full. There was nothing else for him to do but to sink on the earth beside the seat and pour out to God the fullness of that bursting heart.

*Nephi Anderson.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



#### "A BLAMED SIGHT WORSE."

A bachelor, old and cranky,  
Was sitting alone in his room;  
His toes with gout were aching,  
And his face o'erspread with gloom.

No little ones' shouts disturbed him,  
From noise the house was free;  
In fact, from the attic to cellar  
Was quiet as quiet could be.

No medical aid was lacking;  
The servants answered his ring,

Respectfully heard his orders,  
And supplied him with everything.

But still there was something wanting  
Something he couldn't command;  
The kindly words of compassion,  
The touch of a gentle hand.

And he said, as his brow grew darker,  
And he rang for the hireling nurse:  
«Well, marriage may be a failure,  
But this is a blamed sight worse!»

## EDITORIAL THOUGHTS.

### GREAT ADVANCEMENT OF OUR WOMEN.

THE Young Men's and Young Ladies' Improvement Associations have held a conference in Salt Lake City which has been of the most delightful character. Everyone present at the meetings who takes any interest in the growth and development of the young, could not fail to be greatly pleased at what was seen and heard. It is not so surprising to see the progress that young men have made, for their sex has many advantages over their sisters and opportunities for exercising their powers to an extent that is not permitted to the young ladies. They have their quorums of Priesthood with whom they are supposed to meet regularly and to exercise their gifts among their fellow-members; but the girls do not have such opportunities, yet at this conference there was no evidence of the girls' inferiority, in fact, everything that they undertook was as well done as anything which the young men attempted.

It is surprising how the women are coming to the front. Thirty or forty years ago, such scenes as were witnessed at this conference would have surprised, if not shocked, many of our people for there was a general belief that woman's place and duties were very different to those now permitted to her to assume. For a woman to have prayed in public in opening or dismissing a meeting, would by many people have been considered highly improper. In the same light also, would be viewed any attempt to speak in public on the principles of the Gospel. We are glad to see the change that has been wrought in this respect. There is no reason why a woman's prayers should not be listened to and answered by our Creator as readily as a man's. There is no reason why truth falling from the lips of a woman should not be received by hearers as readily as if it should fall from the lips of the opposite sex. There

is a wide field for women to exercise their gifts without exceeding in the least degree the limits set by the Almighty for the sex.

But women should be very careful, in their zeal, not to overstep proper bounds. There are powers and duties which are reserved to be exercised and attended to by men and not by women. The ordinances of the Priesthood must be administered by men bearing the Priesthood. Women cannot perform those ordinances. But there is an extensive field in which they can operate and still keep their proper bounds.

At this conference we listened to remarks by our young ladies which equalled any that were made by young men.



### IMPORTANCE OF CHURCH SCHOOLS FOR HIGHER EDUCATION.

It is of the utmost importance that Latter-day Saints should be educated in their own schools. The training which they receive there is best adapted for their future. They become grounded in the principles of truth. Infidel tendencies of text books which are in common use can be corrected. Money, therefore, expended for Church schools, academies and colleges, is well expended. It may appear costly at the time, but the parents and children are amply repaid in the after effects. It is well enough to use the district schools until the children arrive at a certain age. It is quite proper to do so, because parents should receive the benefit of the taxes they pay, and the district schools serve an excellent purpose. Speaking generally, they are well managed, and the children are carefully taught, and we have not known of any attempt in any of these schools to bias the children's minds in favor of or against any religion. Ordinary children who go there graduate at an age when they can enter

higher schools, and do so without their minds being warped against their own religion. Then they can enter, if convenient to do so, academies or colleges which are under the influence and control of the Church, but if it is not convenient for them to enter the Church institutions of this kind, great care should be taken by parents in frequent conversation with their children to prevent them from imbibing incorrect ideas which will injure their faith.

The higher education which Latter-day Saints' children may desire to receive, should be obtained in academies and colleges under their control, and these should, as fast as possible, be so supplied with funds and everything necessary, as to obviate the necessity of sending our young people to the east or west to acquire these branches of learning. Our institutions should be in a position to supply pupils with the most advanced education.

It may be asked, why we take this view. Why are we so narrow and exclusive? Our reasons are easily explained. There have been a great many young men who have gone east for the purpose of graduating in the eastern colleges and universities. Very many of them have been unsettled in their faith, and if they have not become entire unbelievers in the religion of their parents, they have imbibed very many doubts concerning it. Education obtained at such a cost is ruinous. Far better for a young man for future usefulness to have only a common school education and have his faith preserved, than to lose his faith, even though educated in the highest institution in the land.

We may be considered very narrow in having these views, but they are our views and we are perfectly satisfied as to their correctness. What interest can Latter-day Saints take in the young man who has received a very fine education but who has lost his faith? He is a mere worldling. He has dissolved his connection with the people of

God by his unbelief, and his aims, aspirations, and views are in many instances hostile to those entertained by the people to whom he formerly belonged. Too much care, therefore, cannot be taken in this direction. The faith of our children should be preserved. It is more important than everything else, and any education gained at the loss of faith on the part of the one receiving it, is altogether too costly.



#### DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

It will be noticed that the last number of the *INSTRUCTOR* contained forty pages instead of thirty-two, and the present issue does the same—the extra eight being devoted to the Deseret Sunday School Union department. The importance of the Sunday School cause, and the stupendous proportions it has assumed among the Latter-day Saints, have finally made necessary the frequent publication of a large amount of matter pertaining to that work in the nature of instructions, notices, correspondence, etc. As the official organ of the Sunday Schools, this paper was only too ready to consent to make a place in its columns—even if the number of pages had to be increased—for as much of this class of matter as the Board might desire to give forth. It is the present intention therefore to fill eight extra pages in each issue with articles specially prepared for the information and benefit of Sunday School workers. The matter for this department will be prepared by the Board itself, and, emanating thus directly from headquarters, it will constitute the medium through which the general authorities of the Sunday Schools of Zion will communicate officially with their co-workers everywhere. While we feel certain that this feature will prove of general interest and value to all our readers, the desire is uppermost that it may be of immediate and inestimable personal benefit to every Sunday School worker in the Church, leading to increased zeal, greater harmony



and more rapid advancement in all that pertains to this great cause.

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«MARCUS KING, MORMON.»

THE pleasing little story, «Marcus King, Mormon,» which has been continued as a serial for some months in this magazine is nearing the end. We believe its chapters have been read with interest, and

that as a little volume to itself it will prove a renewed pleasure to those who have read it in installments, as well as to others. With this view, we have arranged for its publication in book form; and are now able to announce that soon after the first of August (with which number of the JUVENILE it will be completed) it will be placed upon the market.



TOPICS OF THE TIMES.

IN FACE AND CHARACTER THE SCANDINAVIANS  
A STRONG RACE.

THERE has just been held in this city a reunion and jubilee in commemoration of the fiftieth anniversary of the introduction of the Gospel into Scandinavia. There were representatives of those countries assembled from all parts of Utah and the surrounding States, some coming even from the colonies of our people in Canada and Mexico; and a most enjoyable time was had.

No one who looked at the audiences that assembled at the meetings, or at the people who were met on the streets or at the resorts where excursions were given, could fail to be struck by one impressive fact. This was, the remarkable strength of character and sturdiness shown in the faces of the assembled visitors. Wherever a group of them was met there could invariably be seen some countenances that would attract the attention of the student of human features anywhere. Among the visitors as a whole this was very noticeable; and it led to the thought and the remark that the Scandinavian race, at least such specimens as had been gathered out by the Gospel, was an exceedingly strong one and powerfully marked in its facial characteristics.

There is no doubt that not only in our com-

munity but also in every part of the country where emigrants from these northern countries have settled, they have proved a most desirable element of population. They have amalgamated readily with the Americans and others, invariably adding physical strength and vigor to the peoples with whom they have mixed. They have quickly adapted themselves too to the new conditions and institutions. They are thrifty and industrious, orderly and reliable—these qualities making them citizens of a most excellent type. Certainly in Utah they are highly esteemed, and deservedly so. Their native countries have been a prolific field for Gospel work, and a very large and worthy element of the membership of the Church is made up from those nationalities. All honor to our Scandinavian-American brethren and sisters!

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GREAT BRITAIN AND HER FAMINE-STRICKEN  
SUBJECTS.

It will hardly be disputed that wherever Great Britain has set her hand to colonize, or her head to govern, she has made an improvement on the conditions which previously existed. Her demands may be sometimes heavy, as in the case of the American colonists, and when resistance becomes a necessity, there is frequently a success

even greater than the mother country could have attained. But this only proves that while a better government and a greater power than hers may arise, it does not disprove that if she does have to give up a country she at least leaves conditions and colonies better than she finds them.

The British are great colonizers. Britain is a great nation. Some speak of the grasping and grabbing tendency, for there is usually, on the part of her statesmen, what is called «an eye to the main chance.» This means that they expect their efforts and their plans in colonization to prove profitable to the mother country. The fact remains, however, that even if the motive be sordid and selfish, the way in which it is effected brings profit and benefit to those to whom it is applied.

Take for instance India. What England has spent in civilizing and controlling India would represent some pretty large figures in dollars and cents or pounds and pence. But what has she accomplished? There has been wisdom, honesty, and economy in government; there has been improvement in the methods of agriculture, and increase in its returns; barbarism has been restrained, in many respects corrected; there has been security from rebellion at home and from invasion from the outside. In a word, the resources of the country have never been so fully utilized, the people never so safe and contented, the entire nation never so prosperous, as since Great Britain took an active and controlling hand in the management of affairs.

But now comes the curious charge that the British government is responsible for the present famine in India. Those who read the newspapers will have noticed accounts of the fearful distress that has prevailed there for months, and which still exists, owing to the lack of food. Animals and human beings have perished by thousands, literally starved to death; and among the most pitiful and harrowing of the pictures in the illustrated

papers are those from the famine districts. As stated above, Great Britain is blamed for this, and it is claimed that her very beneficence has caused it. Wars and epidemics under the olden conditions used to keep the population down. A plague would come along, rage a year or two, and sweep off thousands and perhaps millions of people. Constant quarrels among the petty rulers and tribes would lead to wars, in which hundreds of thousands would be slaughtered. This thinning out of course left fewer to be fed—there was more of the natural products of the soil for those who were left. But since England took control, the wars have stopped, and peace has been established. Vigorous measures have been enforced, too, as to cleanliness and sanitation, which, with extended and improved medical precautions and treatment, have greatly checked the ravages of the plague. The result is a large increase in population, without a corresponding increase in the food products. In fact the soil, which has been worked for centuries, cannot be made to do much more than it does now under favorable conditions; and when a bad year or season comes, of course there is an immediate scarcity, for so vast a population cannot from their own country contrive to get much of a surplus against a day of need.

It is a singular problem which Great Britain has to deal with in this matter—one that will tax her wisdom and her resources to the utmost. To permit a wholesale massacre now and then is of course too monstrous to be thought of. To emigrate a part of the population, settling them in other colonies, is out of the question. To make agriculture more successful in its returns, is, as already stated, hardly possible as a measure offering much hope of relief, for the limit of production is nearly reached; and neither science nor statesmanship has yet advanced far enough to be able to control the elements as to drouth or storms or floods or other conditions which destroy the crops. Yet

these people are British subjects, and as human beings have the right to life. Their present condition is lamentable, and they are powerless to help themselves. What in the world is the mother country going to be able to do about it!

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THE POPULAR OBSERVANCE OF THE «FOURTH»  
--AND ITS PERILS.

THE date is again at hand when, no matter how much they avoid and guard against unnecessary noise and disturbance during all the other days of the year, the American people fairly revel in din and clangor and fireworks and fury. It is with these manifestations of patriotic delight that the American small boy—and the large one, too, for that matter—is wont to celebrate the Nation's birthday, the Fourth of July. The more deafening the noise he can make, the more intense is his enjoyment. With firecrackers popping off spitefully under their feet, and bombs bursting all around them, the dogs and horses have an anxious time of it, and timid old ladies whose duties may call them out upon the streets heave a sigh of relief when the day is over. But nearly everybody else seems to think this is the most approved way of observing the great occasion.

Just what connection there is between a feeling of patriotic pride and gratitude, and these ear-splitting noises and wholesale consumption of gunpowder, has never been entirely explained. Joy and satisfaction are not usually expressed in outbursts such as those mentioned, or if they are, why should they be? Is not the practice rather the survival of some old pagan or barbarian custom than the evidence of civilization and intelligence?

But the noise is not the worst of it—that nuisance might be endured for one day without much complaint. There is a huge wastefulness in the spending of so much money for powder and fireworks—all used up in making hideous the day-time and lurid the

night. Even this could be borne without serious protest, because those who spend their money in this way have a right to do as they please with their own, and it's nobody's business. When it comes to the matter of property destruction, however, the case is more serious. There is never a Fourth of July which does not witness in the United States the loss of millions of dollars' worth of property—in the form of dwellings, barns, stacks, etc.—as a result of the universal use of matches and powder. Still more serious is the fact that there never is one of these popular celebrations that does not leave bereavement or affliction in many a home throughout the land—through death or injury sustained by a member of the family. By the 5th of July the returns begin to come in, telling of an eye being shot out, a leg blown off, a body entirely consumed by fire, and so forth and so on, in different parts of the country—the list of horrors including the names of children and grown people alike. These are called «accidents»—and so they are, to the extent that no one anticipates them at the place or in the manner of their occurrence. At the same time, the term folly may be applied to them in a great many instances without too much severity in the use of words.

There are more rational and better ways of celebrating the birth of the Union and the deeds of the fathers than the regulation way above referred to. There are wiser uses to be made of money than to send it up by the thousands in flash or smoke. Only those who want to beat the insurance companies will argue that the proper use of houses, stables and haystacks is to make bonfires of them. And certainly human life is too precious, and the human body too acceptable a tabernacle, to risk having the one destroyed and the other mutilated by a silly following of a custom that really has no common sense to recommend it.

*The Editor.*

## FOR OUR LITTLE FOLKS.

### A PROOF OF GOD'S POWER.

**I**N the little shady village of Bountiful, Davis Co., Utah, about the year of 1882, a baby boy was born of humble parents. When about two weeks old, through excessive coughing (whooping cough) the babe became hurt inwardly, the injury being pronounced a rupture. It proved to be very painful in after years.

When the reading power of the little boy had matured to that extent that he could read the JUVENILE, he took great comfort in doing the same.

One day while reading an account of a great healing, the thought sprang to his mind that he would like to go to the Temple. The thought was cultivated and reflected upon until he was almost confident that God would heal him. He made his desires known to his parents, and the matter met their approval, which gave the boy great encouragement. He could envy his playmates of their play, but to participate in the same to a very great extent was impossible; and he received the sympathy of them all, though that did not fill the bill.

When he was between twelve and thirteen years of age, he began to pray and fast, doing so for as much as two days; and one Sunday morning he was found asking his neighbor playmates to fast and pray for him. On the morning of the 6th of January, 1895, he went to the Salt Lake Temple in company with his father. He was baptized, and while being immersed in the water, three darting pains were felt in the wounded part of his body. He was then administered to by some of the servants of God, and he left the House

of the Lord feeling happy and cheerful, for he was a healed boy.

*Ezra Waddoups.*



### WHAT HAPPENED TO JIMSEY.

THERE was no place where Robbie liked better to visit than at Aunt Mary's house. In the first place, there was dear Aunt Mary herself, who was fond of all boys, and particularly fond of Robbie. In the next place, there was the cooky-jar, which had a wonderful way of never being empty no matter how often he visited it; and, last of all, there were the birds. Rinkum was a parrot that always made Robbie laugh by exclaiming, in odd imitation of Aunt Mary, "Mercy, how you've grown!"

He liked Rinkum, but he liked the mocking-bird, Jimsey, too, though Jimsey couldn't talk; but he would hold his head on one side and peer at Robbie with his bright eyes to make sure it was he, and then hop gaily about his cage as if glad that the boy had come again.

Now, one day something happened. Aunt Mary washed the dishes, swept the kitchen, set her bread by the stove to rise, and, telling Jimsey and Rinkum, who had been let out of their cages, to behave themselves, went upstairs, never dreaming that two such well-behaved birds would get into trouble while she was gone. But pretty soon she heard Rinkum's loud screeches, which told her something was the matter.

"Fire! fire! throw on water!" cried Polly as she entered.

"Where are you, Rinkum, and where's Jimsey?"

«Mercy, how you've grown! Fire! Fire!» screamed Rinkum from a dark corner of the room under the table, where she had retreated as if in fear. But Jimsey was not with her, and Aunt Mary grew alarmed as she saw, what had escaped her notice when she went upstairs, that the side window was open several inches. «Some cat has got him, or else he has flown away.»

She started toward the window to look out, but as she went she noticed a strange heaving of the napkin over her bread. She whisked it off, and there was poor Jimsey up to his neck in the soft sponge, vainly struggling to free himself, but sinking deeper and deeper. Rinkum had watched him fly down to the edge of the pan, pick up a corner of the napkin in his bill, peck at the dough daintily to see if it were good, and then hop down into the sticky stuff, which held him fast. She did all she could by giving the alarm, and Aunt Mary soon had the bird out of his queer bath; but Jimsey's feathers had to be cut, and he was never quite so lively again, so that Robbie, when he came again, said:

«Aunt Mary, it seems to me that Jimsey's getting old; he acts like an old man. And I'm getting old, too. Do you know, I'll be six years old tomorrow!»

«Mercy, how you've grown!» said the parrot.—*Selected.*



#### FAVIE'S SCRAPES AND SCRAMBLES.

##### VII.

Sad days and glad days,

How they come and go!

Summer's pleasant, peaceful time,

After winter's snow.

Clouds as thick and black as night,

Fill our hearts with dread;

Then the blessed sunshine comes,

And all gloom has fled.

It was a bright day in June, (the 27th,) 1844. But the Saints were not feeling cheerful, as trouble and strife had been stirred up around them.

Brother Kane was out with the Nauvoo militia, and his wife and children were uneasy and disturbed about what might happen to him, or others of their friends.

The day wore slowly away, evening came, the family still watched eagerly for the return of Brother Kane, or for someone bringing news of him. The sun was sinking low in the west when Favie saw a strawberry-roan horse coming along the road carrying a man that he knew.

«Ma,» he called out, «here goes Brother William Loveland.»

His mother hurried down to the fence to speak with Brother Loveland, and Favie went with her, and listened to their talk.

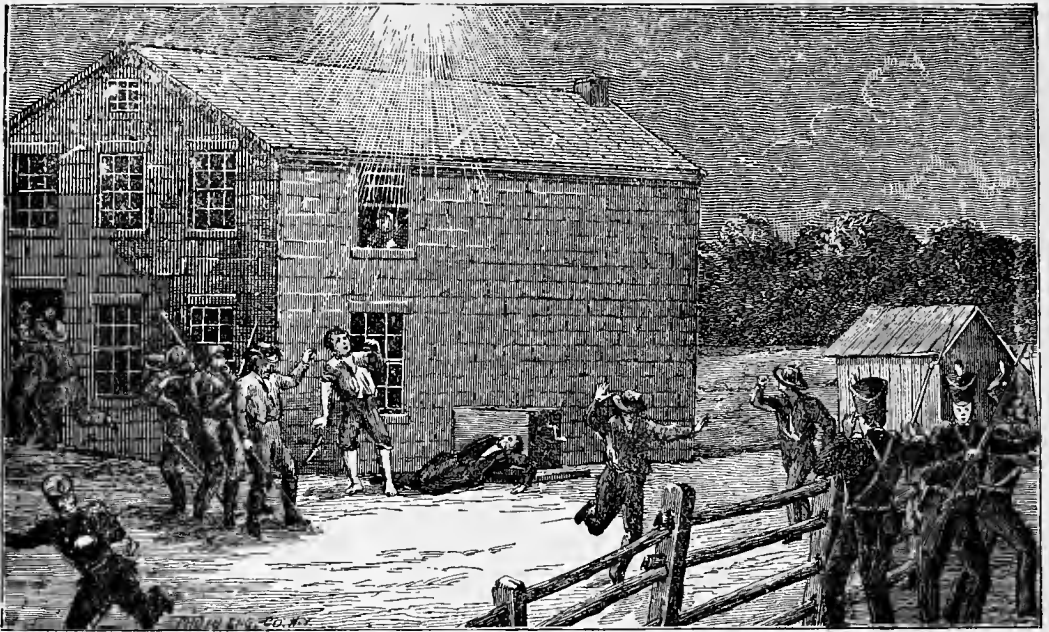
«Have you seen Mr. Kane, and do you know where and how he is?» Sister Kane inquired anxiously of the horseman.

Brother Loveland replied, «Yes, I have been with your husband; he is safe and well; but I bring sorrowful tidings to the Saints here. The Prophet Joseph and his brother Hyrum were shot and killed in Carthage Jail this afternoon about 5 o'clock.»

Sorrowful news indeed! And like wild-fire the woeful tidings spread through the small branch of the Church at Camp Creek.

That was the saddest time Favie had ever known. Young as he was, (six years old,) he could feel something of the great grief which had come upon his people, and he never forgot the feeling.

His mother was a brave, slight woman, who



#### THE DREADFUL DEED AT CARTHAGE.

never made a great show of grief, no matter how severe a trial came to her. But Favie and Rhoda watched her white face and sad eyes, and knew that she suffered pain that she could not tell them of.

Thoughts of the dark days that followed the death of the Prophet and his brother Hyrum were ever shadowed by a memory of deep gloom in the minds of those little children. Yet they were too young to yield to sorrow for any considerable length of time.

Other things soon attracted their attention from that sad subject which weighed upon the hearts of the older Saints, long after the martyrdom of the Prophet.

Favie was watching his father coming home through their patch of corn one afternoon. Their large, white dog, named Watch, accompanied his master. And in the midst of the patch, the man and dog encountered a great, white hog which was making wild havoc in the young corn. The hog itself

proved to be wild and dangerous. It turned on the dog and fought him savagely. Watch took the hog by one of its great, flapping ears, but being unable to lead it, was dragged along, wherever the hog chose to go.

Squealing and storming madly, the ferocious beast ran straight for the house where Sister Kane sat sewing with her little ones around her.

When Favie saw the hog coming at full speed, frothing at the mouth, he scampered into the house, followed closely by the hog, still dragging Watch. He had no chance to shut the door, the animals were so close upon him.

The appearance of the mad hog was so dreadful that Sister Kane was alarmed for the safety of her children, and, putting them up on to the bed, which was a high, old-fashioned bedstead, she climbed up with them. There they sat and watched the battle between the hog and dog.

Brother Kane hurried to the house, and entered into the combat with all his force. But so determined was the hog to hold the quarters gained by rushing into the house that the united efforts of man and dog could not put her out until she was dead, Brother Kane killing her at last with an ax.

The noise made by the dog and hog was so terrible that the war was considered quite an event, and the children remembered and often repeated the story of it.

One of their neighbors was in the habit of working on the Sabbath day. His field was not far from where the Kanes lived, and they used to see him working in it on Sundays as well as other days. He was cradling wheat one Sunday when a rattlesnake bit him, from the effects of which he soon died. Of the sad circumstance Brother and Sister Kane endeavored to make a strong and lasting lesson to their children. They pointed to the danger that always attends the breaking of any of our Heavenly Father's commandments.

About four miles from Camp Creek, northwest, toward the Mississippi River, grew many wild blackberry bushes. When the blackberries were ripe, a number of the families living at Camp Creek concluded it would be a good way of providing themselves with a little fruit to spend a day in berrying.

Brother and Sister Kane went with the rest, leaving their own and some of their neighbors' children to keep house for them while they were gone.

Favie was naturally sociable, generous, and entertaining. He wanted to share with his visitors anything that gave him pleasure. So he concluded that his father's small, brass-barrelled pistol would be a nice thing to divide with his little play-fellow, Alfred.

He took a table knife and hacked away at the wooden stock, thinking that after awhile he should be able to break it in two. Then he thought of the powder horn hanging high up in the top of the cabin. They would have to have powder to load their pistols, and he would have to get that horn. And he did get it somehow, by planning, climbing and reaching in some unheard-of way.

When his father and mother came home with their blackberries, they found gunpowder scattered about the hearth in a manner that startled them greatly. There was plenty of powder to have blown up the house and all those precious children, had a spark of fire from any source fallen upon it.

Had not the good angels been watching over those little ones that day, it would indeed have been a sad community at night-fall.

*L. L. Greene Richards.*

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



#### TO THE LETTER-BOX.

RANDOLPH, UTAH.

I like to read the letters that the children write, and I thought I would write too. I like to go to Primary and Sunday School. Our Primary president is very kind and we all like her. Papa has taken the JUVENILE for a long time. I have six brothers and three sisters. We lived on a ranch all last summer, and in the fall we moved into town. My uncle has gone on a mission.

Your new friend,

PERE NORRIS. Aged 10.



AURORA, UTAH.

I will write to you while my sister and

brother write to my uncle who is on a mission; and who has been sick with the chills and fever, but was healed by the power of the Lord. I know He will answer prayers if we are humble and do what is right. I know the first four principles of the Gospel, the Lord's Prayer, the Ten Commandments and part of the Articles of Faith; and I know many more good and useful things taught me by my parents, Primary and Sunday School teachers. I know we can all learn by being obedient, and obedience is the first law of Heaven.

From your little friend,

ETTA HOLDAWAY. Aged 10.



ALPINE, ARIZONA.

This is the second time I ever wrote to the Letter-box. We have had a good time. Our folks from Mexico have been here, and we have had a very nice time. My sister is sick, her name is Eliza; she is going to Mexico. I am twelve years old. ESTHER SKOUSEN.



LEWISVILLE, IDAHO.

I love to read the JUVENILE, and see the nice letters which are in it. We have a nice Sunday School, and I love to go. My father is superintendent. We have leaflets for our study. I have four sisters and one brother, and am the oldest of the family. We live one mile west of where we hold our Sunday School, and we have our day school in the same room. We have plenty of good water, and all the milk and butter we can use, and raise lots of small fruit. I love to live on the farm because we are so happy and free.

BESSIE KINGHORN. Aged 13.



SMITHFIELD, UTAH.

I have heard of so many letters written by

the little girls and boys, that I thought I should like to have mine published in the INSTRUCTOR. I have three sisters and three brothers. On Thursday afternoons we have Primary meetings, where I always go when I can. We have stories read to us and lessons on the Gospel. In Sunday School we are now studying the life of Jesus. I was baptized last year.

Your new friend,

LILLY PETERSON. Aged 8.



OAKLEY, IDAHO.

We have been taking the JUVENILE ever since it started. I go to school, and I am in the first reader. I was eight years old on February the 29th. I am a leap-year girl. I have a birthday once in four years; now that the hundredth year passes out I won't have a birthday till I am twelve years old. I like to read the stories in the JUVENILE.

S. EUNICE ROBINSON.



IMBLER, OREGON.

I am a little Mormon girl, and live in the Grande Ronde valley. I have four brothers and one sister. We have lived here over a year, and like it very much. My former home was at Manti, Utah. We have a Sunday School, and a branch of the Church organized here, and all take an active part in the work of the Lord. Several weeks ago I had the pleasure of hearing Elder F. S. Bramwell, President of the Northwestern States Mission, preach, and all enjoyed his sermon very much. I know the Lord hears and answers prayers for I can bear testimony to it.

Your new friend,

ZELMA WELTENSOW.



## DESERET SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION DEPARTMENT.

EDITED BY A MEMBER OF THE BOARD.

### ANNUAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE OF WASATCH STAKE.

On Saturday and Sunday, June 2nd and 3rd, Wasatch stake held its annual Sunday School conference at Heber City. The visiting members of the Sunday School Union Board, Elders George Reynolds, J. W. Summerhays and George D. Pyper, make verbal report that it was a good one. The written report has not yet been made to us by the stake secretary.



### ANNUAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE OF CACHE STAKE.

The annual Sunday School conference of Cache stake was held in the Tabernacle, Logan, Saturday and Sunday, June 9th and 10th.

The exercises on Saturday morning consisted of a report by Stake Superintendent John E. Carlisle, who stated that the various schools visited by himself and aids were found to be in excellent condition.

Superintendent B. A. Hendricks reported the condition of the Lewiston school, and Superintendent John Schenk that of College school. Class exercises were rendered by pupils of Mendon and Hyde Park Sunday Schools.

In addition to the stake superintendency and aids, there were present of the Sunday School Union Board, Elders Karl G. Maeser, T. C. Griggs and L. John Nuttall, who, during the morning, treated on the subjects of punctuality; ample equipment of Sunday Schools with charts, cards, leaflets, roll books, hymn books, music books, etc. A number of written questions were read and answered by Dr. Maeser.

At the afternoon session, Assistant Stake Superintendent E. Gowans reported having visited 13 schools since his recent appointment, and found satisfactory conditions existing in them.

Superintendents Liljenquist of Hyrum, and Thomas of Logan Fifth Ward, and Elder McCary of Richmond, reported on the 21 points; and class exercises were given by members of the Newton school.

Elder Maeser having an appointment on the morrow at Preston, spoke at length on many topics of vital interest suggested by the questions on Sunday School conditions, local and general.

Elders Griggs and Nuttall treated on the subject of the «Nickel Contribution.»

At 7:30 p. m. the officers, teachers and Sunday School Union representatives met in the Brigham Young College. Superintendent J. E. Carlisle stated the object of this meeting, and the advantages that can be derived from such gatherings. He also said that this was the commencement of the meetings to be held monthly for the officers and teachers of this stake to be instructed in their department work, etc. At this meeting the work to be done would be briefly presented.

Elder William J. Kerr spoke upon the systematic work that should be carried out in our Sunday Schools. He stated that much of the success of our schools depends upon our perfect organization. What is meant by system in our Sunday Schools is to be united, the work being so adjusted that no conflict should arise.

Elder E. G. Gowans presented to the meeting the plan of work to be followed by the schools. This plan of work would however be first presented to the Deseret Sunday School Union Board for its approval before its adoption in our schools, and explained how each department would be expected to carry out this course of work.

Superintendent Karl G. Maeser then addressed the meeting regarding meetings of this kind, also regular officers' and teachers' monthly meetings. He referred to the eight

points to be observed in these meetings as suggested in the Sunday School Treatise. He made mention of the fact that no superintendent has the right to unceremoniously go into a class or department and preside over that department, and a teacher should not be corrected before his or her class. He expressed his satisfaction at the plan of work that had been arranged for the Sunday Schools.

Brother L. John Nuttall spoke briefly. He suggested that superintendents take a day off sometimes and visit some other school, thereby gaining information and observing points that would be useful in their own schools.

Brother Thomas C. Griggs expressed himself as being glad with what had been done, and invoked God's blessings upon all.

The conference concluded by singing on page 71. Benediction by Elder John T. Caine, Jr.

The attendance on Sunday, both morning and afternoon, was large and the congregation presented an animated appearance; the leading brethren of the stake and many Bishops were present, likewise President C. O. Card of Alberta Stake. The musical selections by the choir and organist were effective and under good leadership; and, with a solo, "The Holy City," sung by Elder John Phillips, were much appreciated. Parents and officers were urged, by Assistant Stake Superintendent W. J. Kerr, to have the children attend our schools and cultivate a spirit of pride in the proper preparation of the lessons. Superintendent H. J. Matthews reported the Providence, and Superintendent Peterson the Clarkston schools. Class exercises were given by members of the Logan Sixth Ward, and one by members of the Smithfield school.

The Sacrament was administered and the general authorities of the Church and stake board were presented and sustained. President Joseph Morrell spoke words of encouragement to those trying to do good in any direction. Elders Griggs and Nuttall treated on class work, the Sacrament, a personal ap-

plication of the principles taught, visits of stake officers, etc.



#### MILLARD STAKE ANNUAL SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCE.

The annual Sunday School conference of the Millard stake of Zion was held at Fillmore, June 16th and 17th, 1900. The conference opened at 10 o'clock on the 16th, with a good attendance, and this attendance was kept up until adjournment. Every school in the stake, except the newly organized school of Abraham, was represented at each session.

The program suggested by the Deseret Sunday School Union Board was carried out with fidelity, and not one failure was made in the exercises.

The reports of the superintendents of the various schools of the stake showed great advancement during the past year. One particularly pleasing exercise was a concert recitation of the Testimony of the Three Witnesses. This is a difficult exercise for concert recitation, and the Millard pupils acquitted themselves admirably. The concert recitation of the Articles of Faith, the Ten Commandments, and the presentation of the general Church and Sunday School authorities, in the manner recommended by the Sunday School Union Board, were also creditably done.

A testimony of the value of Sunday School work was given by Elder Alonzo Hinckley, who had just returned from a European mission. Elder Hinckley stated that the instructions of his Sunday School teachers in years gone by were of the greatest benefit to him during his missionary labors. It was impossible at the time of his attendance at Sunday School to realize that what he was storing up in his mind would be brought forth at the proper time in preaching the Gospel in foreign lands. His own experience was a testimony to him of the immense value of Sunday School work.

The meetings were addressed by Elders

William D. Owen and George D. Pyper, aids to the General Board, and the last named sang a number of Sunday School and sacred songs.

Between the morning and afternoon sessions on Sunday, a teachers' and officers' meeting was held, which was largely attended, and the instructions of the members of the Board were listened to with marked attention.

The stake superintendency was completed by the conference sustaining Hans C. Hansen as second assistant superintendent, and Albert W. Whittaker as chorister. The stake organization at present is as follows: Superintendent, Joshua Greenwood; first assistant, F. A. Robison; second assistant, Hans C. Hansen; secretary, Jesse H. Giles; chorister, Albert W. Whittaker.

The President of the stake, the Bishop of Fillmore and the stake authorities generally interested themselves in making the occasion one long to be remembered, and it was voted to be the best Sunday School gathering in the history of the stake.

President Hinckley, at the close of the conference, approved all that had been said by the visiting brethren, and commended the labors of the stake superintendent, Joshua Greenwood, and his associates, and said that God would surely bless them in the great labor of instructing the children of the Latter-day Saints in the principles of the Gospel.

On account of the distance between the settlements in Millard stake, it was thought desirable by the stake authorities to hold another conference in the fall, at Deseret, for the benefit of the schools in that neighborhood. This was presented to the Union Board at the last meeting, and the suggestion was heartily approved.



#### SUGGESTIONS REGARDING ANNUAL STAKE SUNDAY SCHOOL CONFERENCES FOR 1900.

Annual stake Sunday School conferences are now being held in some one or two stakes of Zion every week. A lack of preparation for these conferences is occasionally mani-

festated. We feel it arises in some measure through a misapprehension on the part of ward and stake Sunday School authorities of the wishes and instructions of the Sunday School Union Board on this subject. We therefore offer a few suggestions for the benefit of the officers of those stakes where these conferences have not yet been held.

First. Note the date; then carefully read the program for the conference, mailed in quantity by our secretary to every stake and ward superintendent, and also published in the second number of the JUVENILE INSTRUCTOR for 1900.

Second. The ward superintendents' reports on the 21 points should be in writing, and reach the stake superintendent at least one day previous to the conference and in time for the inspection and use of the Sunday School Union Board's representatives on their arrival at the place where the conference is to be held. No school should fail to report, at least in this manner.

Third. The class exercises mentioned in the program should be representative in their character and be given by about a dozen members selected out of a department; and the work presented should be from the different grades, and not exceed ten minutes in duration.

Fourth. The concert recitations should be conducted by persons selected by the stake superintendents and should be given by all the Sunday School members present.

Fifth. The instructions on the administration of the Sacrament will generally be given by one of the members of the Union Board present.

Sixth. The stake Sunday School secretary should be present and prepared to take the minutes of the conference, call the roll of the schools of the stake, and have convenient for reference the last stake statistical report and other papers.

Seventh. The superintendent will please have his stake visiting book posted up and ready for examination.

The decorating of the place of assembly with flowers, charts, pictures, mottoes, etc., where convenient and practicable, will add interest to the occasion.



#### VISITS MADE BY MEMBERS OF UNION BOARD TO WARD SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

Among some of the visits made by members of, and aids to, the Deseret Sunday School Union Board, are those of Elder Seymour B. Young, in company with Apostle Brigham Young, to the Moab, San Juan stake, Sunday School, May 20th; and to the Sunday School classes in the three rooms of the Oneida Stake Academy, in Preston, May 27th, on the occasion of the visit of President Lorenzo Snow and company to that place. Elder L. John Nuttall recently visited Collinston, Utah and Marsh Center, Idaho, but stormy weather prevented the holding of Sunday Schools in those places. On May 27th he visited the Iosepa Colony school. A visit to the Provo First Ward school was made by Apostle George Teasdale on May 27th. Elders George Reynolds and J. W. Ure on the same date attended the thirty-fourth anniversary of the Lehi Sunday School. Elder John F. Bennett was in attendance at the Twentieth Ward, Salt Lake City, Sunday School on May 27th. Elder Wm. D. Owen reported by letter visits made by himself to the Sunday Schools at Pine Valley and Virgen City, St. George stake.



#### CHRONOLOGICAL CHART OF NEPHITE AND LAMANITE HISTORY.

Letters have been received by the Union Board asking how Reynolds' 'Chronological Chart of Nephite and Lamanite History' should be used in the Sunday Schools. The chart is not intended to be used alone, but as an aid to simplify and facilitate the study of the historical portions of the Book of Mormon. It can be advantageously used in the departments where the Book of Mormon or the 'Story of the Book of Mormon' is the

text book, or to illustrate lectures on Nephite or Lamanite history.

The chart shows in chronological form the changes that occurred in the political and social history of the two kindred races that jointly inhabited this continent from the sixth century before to the fourth century after Christ. It is divided by upright lines one inch apart, eight of which divisions include a period of one hundred years. Figures are placed in the body of the chart at the exact date of occurrence, and a statement of the event, with the year in which it took place, is to be found in connection with the corresponding number in the References at the bottom of the chart. Above every other vertical line (or period of twenty-five years) are placed figures showing the exact date, before or after the birth of the Redeemer, that each line represents. A short distance under this line of figures are the names of the Nephite historians, grouped in families, the black lines underneath each name showing, as far as the information can be obtained from the Book of Mormon, the period during which he held the records, or that he recorded the history of his people. The first name is that of Nephi (the son of Lehi), then follow Jacob and his descendants who held the sacred plates; then King Benjamin and his son (Mosiah II); then Alma and his descendants, and lastly Mormon and Moroni.

Below the main body of the chart, under the proper dates, is shown the length of the reigns of the various chief judges who ruled the people in the days of the Nephite republic. This table commences with Alma II, B. C. 91, and ends with Lachoneus II, A. C. 30. By observing this table we find that Alma judged the people from B. C. 91 to B. C. 83; that his successor, Nephihah, ruled from B. C. 83 to B. C. 68, and so on; while by reference to the figures in the colored body of the chart we can discover what events happened while each of the judges occupied the judgment seat.

The upright black lines running between the

Nephites and Lamanites (in the days of the Judges) show the defections of Nephite apostates and their affiliation with the Lamanites, or the conversion of the Lamanites and their migration to the lands of the Nephites, the fingers pointing which way—either towards the Nephites or the Lamanites—the migration took place. The figures touching each upright line show the particular event to which each one refers. The organization, increase and destruction of the Gadianton robbers, as the people ebbed and flowed in righteousness, is partially shown in the portions printed brown. This detail would be more satisfactory were we given in the Book of Mormon fuller historical particulars of the rise, fall, extinction and reappearance of these assassin bands.

At the top of the chart is a chronological table, showing events that took place at parallel dates on the eastern hemisphere in the histories of Persia, Greece, Rome, Britain, etc.; among the Jews and later in the Christian Church. Against each event is the date that it took place; and it is so placed as to be, as near as possible, exactly above the same date in the chart. For instance, we find B. C. 55, Invasion of Britain by Julius Cæsar. In a direct line below this are the figures 55, which the References at the bottom of the chart explain as marking the commencement of migration to the northern continent, B. C. 55. Thus we can compare what was being simultaneously done on both continents—to many a very interesting study: for instance, when we study the turbulence of times in Europe and Asia in the first and second centuries of the Christian era, in contradistinction to those same blessed centuries that in America immediately succeeded the visit to the Nephites of the crucified Redeemer.



#### BIBLICAL OBJECT-LESSONS.

The Sunday School Union have placed in their reading or visitors' room, for the use and benefit of callers and Bible students, a set of Bancroft's Biblical object-lessons. It

consists of twenty-five card-board charts, 14x22 inches in size, having illustrations and specimens of various objects referred to in the Old and New Testaments. Among the objects and lessons treated on are the following: The cedars of Lebanon, the olive, the carob tree, the palm, timber and forest trees and shrubs, almond, pistachia, walnut; papyrus; wheat and other cereals; beans, lentils, pulse; garden herbs; balm, frankincense, myrrh; coriander and manna; the goat, sheep, camel; linen and cotton; money and measures; minerals and metals; clay and stone records, etc.

These objects are accompanied with illustrated lessons, and reference from the Bible where the objects are named. The lesson on the cedars of Lebanon is accompanied by a specimen of that tree, with its seeds, cone, twigs and leaves, and the following description:

The term cedar is applied in the Scriptures to three species of evergreen trees,—cedar, juniper and pine. The cedar of Lebanon was the king of trees, famous throughout the ancient world. It is mentioned in the Bible 75 times. An excellent description is found in the 31st chapter of Ezekiel. It is found on the Lebanon and Taurus mountains and on the heights of Cyprus, at an elevation of from 4200 to 6600 feet. It grows from 50 to 80 feet in height, with large trunk and widespreading top. The wood is very durable. The ancients considered it imperishable and used it to make images of their gods. Fragments were brought to England by Layard from the palace of Nebuchadnezzar which must have been 2500 years old. The boughs and branches grow horizontally and the foliage is dense and close-woven; cones flattened at ends, growing on upper side of the branches, reddish and very resinous; seeds are provided with a long membranous wing; roots very strong and ramifying. The whole range of Lebanon, between 3000 and 7000 feet above the sea level, was probably once covered with these imperial trees. Great

quantities of cedar were shipped by Hiram, king of Tyre, to David and Solomon, and employed in the construction of their palaces and of the Temple. The Temple was built of hewn stone, roofed, ceiled and wainscoted with cedar covered with sheets or plates of gold. The floor joists were also of cedar. Other products were oil, used in preserving books from moths and damp,—resin and cedar manna, a sweet exudation from its branches. The poets and prophets of the Scriptures made frequent reference to this beautiful and stately tree. Jotham uses it to point his fable (Judges 9:15), and Jehoshaphat to rebuke the pride of Amaziah (2 Kings 14:9.) In Job, Psalms and Song of Songs, it is a symbol of strength and beauty. In the prophecies of Isaiah, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, Amos and Zachariah it occurs as a type of kingly exaltation, pride and power. In Leviticus and Numbers the “cedar-wood” employed in the purification of the leper was with little doubt the common aromatic juniper of the Sinaitic Peninsula. The “cedar” used for masts (Ezekiel 27:5) was probably a pine.

This is followed by:

#### THE CEDAR'S OWN STORY.

«I was born away up on the side of Mount Lebanon, in Asia, more than a mile above the level of the Mediterranean Sea. My cradle was a cone on the top of a branch. One day a great wind shook the forest and I fell out of my cradle, but my wings bore me softly down to a sheltered spot where I took root and grew. When the sun grew warm and melted the snow above me on the mountain, my roots drank up the water and I became strong and large. My branches grew out straight from my sides and made great, broad, green floors, one above the other, beneath which children would have been delighted to play. But there were no boys or girls near me, only wild animals,—bears, panthers, ounces, wolves, hyænas, foxes, wild hogs, jackals and the pretty gazelles. Eagles

and vultures flew high above my head, pigeons nested in my branches and partridges drummed on dead logs at my feet. There I lived many years. At last there came an army of strange looking men and began to chop us down. They struck their sharp axes into my side until I bent over with pain and fell down on the ground. They cut off my boughs and dragged me away with many others down the mountain side until they came to the sea. Here we were tied together and floated away over blue water until we came to a little harbor. Another army of men drew us across a broad, beautiful plain covered with flowers and growing grain, up over rocky hills to the Holy City. Here I was hewn and fitted into the wall of the Holy Place and covered with beautiful plates of gold. All around were my brothers who had been brought from our old home on the snow-capped mountains. I could tell you wonderful stories of what we saw in the Temple. How the mothers came with their little children and taught them to pray, how the men brought cattle and sheep and doves for sacrifices, and how the priests and Levites sang the sweet songs of Zion. But one day all was suddenly changed. War was in the land. The servant of Nebuchadnezzar, the wicked king of Babylon, came with his soldiers and stripped off the gold with which we were covered and burned the Temple with fire. How the people wept when they saw the ruins! But the fire could not destroy me, for even out of my ashes and from beneath the great piles of stones and rubbish you see I can still tell my story. I am contented because I have had even a small place in God's Temple and have been used by Him to prepare the world for the coming of His Son.»

Come in, brethren and sisters and see these interesting objects and make your notes.



#### CHANGES IN SUNDAY SCHOOL OFFICERS.

The Deseret Sunday School Union Board

request that information of all changes in stake or ward Sunday School superintendencies be promptly forwarded to their office, 408 Templeton Building, Salt Lake City, Utah. Where there is also a change in the post office address from that of the retiring officer, it should likewise be noted, so that our mailing list may be corrected and delay in the receipt of mail matter from the Sunday School Union office be avoided.

We note that Elder John Peterson has been appointed superintendent of the Moab ward, San Juan stake, Sunday School.

#### NOTICES OF LOCAL ANNIVERSARIES, JUBILEES, ETC.

We shall be pleased to receive at this office, from Sunday School officers, notices of forthcoming anniversaries, jubilees, reviews, sociables and other gatherings of Sabbath School folk, whether at home or abroad, on land or on sea. Likewise reports of such gatherings and other notices of Sunday School affairs which contain items of general interest. Where printed programs have been prepared, please send one along also. Address them to the Sunday School Union office, 408 Templeton Building, Salt Lake City, Utah.

#### MEETINGS OF STAKE AND WARD SUNDAY SCHOOL SUPERINTENDENTS

Much advantage to ward and stake Sunday School interests may be derived by stake and ward superintendents holding regular and frequent meetings with their assistants, and there discussing the affairs of their fields of labor. Such a course will tend to harmony of feeling and unity of effort, bringing into more active exercise the talent and energies of an important portion of the superintendency, a portion which at times is crippled and dormant through lack of opportunity. Brethren, if you have not been in the habit of doing this, come together for a

purpose, pray together, counsel together, and see how much you will be refreshed and strengthened thereby.

#### SUNDAY SCHOOL CHANGES.

Walter Durrant succeeds Israel Bennion as superintendent of Vernon, Tooele stake, Sunday School.

Charles England has been appointed superintendent of Logan Second ward, Cache stake, Sunday School, *vice* William Worley resigned.

The veteran Sunday School worker, Richard Morris, superintendent of St. George stake, with his assistants, Edward M. McArthur and Samuel H. Wells, have been released. George E. Mills is now the stake superintendent, with John T. Woodbury and Brigham Jarvis as his assistants.

By the retirement of First Assistant George L. Benson of the Beaver stake Sunday School superintendency, William Burt succeeds him in that position and Reinhard Maeser has been appointed second assistant superintendent.

#### NEW SUNDAY SCHOOL ORGANIZED.

Elder Wm. L. Rich, president of the Western New York conference, under date of June 16, writes he has organized a new Sunday School in that conference; requesting Sunday School literature be sent for their use to Rexville, Steuben Co., N. Y.

#### CONTRIBUTIONS TO OUR LIBRARY.

We take pleasure in acknowledging a most generous contribution of valuable books to our Sunday School Union library, by the George Q. Cannon & Sons Company; likewise a number of interesting works from the Deseret News Company. From members of the Board we have received appreciated books from Assistant General Superintendent

Karl G. Maeser, Treasurer George Reynolds and others. Thanks, brethren. Next!



«SKETCHES OF MISSIONARY LIFE.»

The author, Elder Edwin F. Parry, recently of the presidency of the European Mission of the Church, has presented our library with a copy of his modest but most useful little work, published by the George Q. Cannon & Sons Co., entitled «Sketches of Missionary Life.» The field of its utility may be judged by the reading of the preface which we here insert:

«The recital of incidents in human experience is always interesting to the young, and such recitals, if of a proper character, may be listened to or read with profit as well as pleasure. Especially beneficial and interesting are stories of missionary life wherein the wonderful providences of the Lord are shown. They serve to awaken faith and strengthen confidence in God, and teach many valuable lessons.

«The object sought in presenting this little work to the public is to supply fresh reading matter of a wholesome character to the youth of Zion; and it is issued with the hope that its contents may stimulate faith in the heart of the reader, and assist him in his efforts to become more useful in the Kingdom of God.

«Most of the events and incidents herein

related are of recent occurrence, and many of them were narrated to or came under the observation of the writer while engaged in missionary labors abroad.»



NOTELETS.

Lars E. Eggertsen, superintendent of the stake now having the largest Sunday School enrollment—Utah stake,—was in to see us and the «new» rooms. Depositing his satchel, he spoke approvingly of the accommodations provided for Sunday School itinerants.

Elder John M. Mills, of the aids to the Sunday School Union Board, has gone on a visit to our Sunday Schools in Mexico.

The Sunday School Jubilee History committee are making copious extracts of Sunday School items from the journal of Elder George Goddard, our late first assistant general superintendent. Many of the extracts will probably be published, and be of much interest to thousands of our community.

Superintendent John W. Tate of Tooele ward called in to make a purchase of Sunday School supplies and see our (his) new visiting rooms. We enjoyed his intelligent chat on Sunday School matters. Call again, superintendent!



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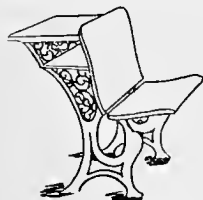
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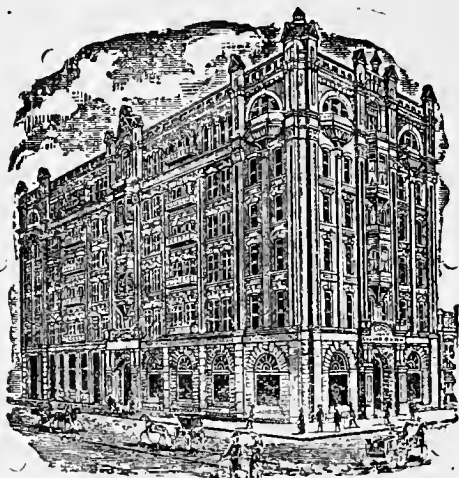
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CURRENT  
TIME  
TABLE.

## LEAVES SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 6—For Grand Junction, Denver and points east .....	8:30 a. m.
No. 2—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points east .....	3:15 p. m.
No. 4—For Provo, Grand Junction and all points East .....	8:05 p. m.
No. 10—For Bingham, Lehi, Provo, Heber, Manti, Belknap, and intermediate points .....	7:50 a. m.
No. 8—For Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points .....	5:10 p. m.
No. 8—For Ogden and the West .....	11:00 p. m.
No. 1—For Ogden and the West .....	12:00 noon
No. 5—For Ogden and the West .....	9:45 a. m.
No. 42—For Park City .....	8:30 a. m.

## ARRIVES AT SALT LAKE CITY.

No. 5—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east .....	9:30 a. m.
No. 1—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east .....	11:45 a. m.
No. 3—From Provo, Grand Junction and the east .....	10:50 p. m.
No. 9—From Provo, Heber, Bingham, Eureka, Belknap, Manti, intermediate points .....	5:55 p. m.
No. 6—From Ogden and the West .....	8:20 a. m.
No. 2—From Ogden and the West .....	3:05 p. m.
No. 4—From Ogden and the West .....	7:55 p. m.
No. 7—From Eureka, Payson, Heber, Provo and intermediate points .....	10:00 a. m.
No. 41—From Park City .....	5:45 p. m.

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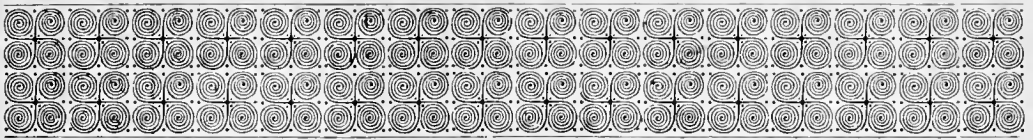
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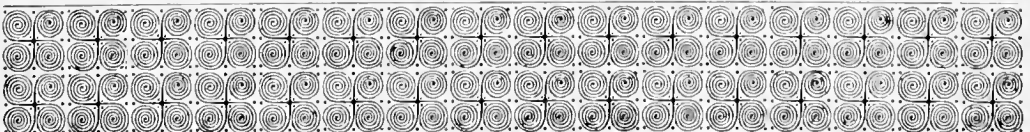
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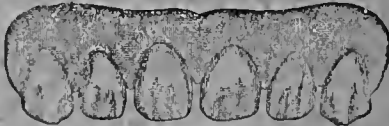
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